

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXVII. }

No. 1829. — July 5, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. OXLII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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ON A MINIATURE.

THINE old-world eyes — each one a violet
Big as the baby rose that is thy mouth —
Set me a-dreaming. Have our eyes not met
In childhood — in a garden of the South ?

Thy lips are trembling with a song of France,
My cousin, and thine eyes are dimly sweet,
Wildered with reading in an old romance
All afternoon upon the garden seat.

The summer wind read with thee, and the bees
That on the sunny pages loved to crawl ;
A skipping reader was the impatient breeze,
And turned the leaves, but the slow bees
read all.

And now thy foot descends the terrace stair —
I hear the rustle of thy silk attire ;
I breathe the musky odors of thy hair
And airs that from thy painted fan respire.

Idly thou pausest in the shady walk,
Thine ear attentive to the fountain's fall ;
Thou mark'st the flower-de-luce sway on her
stalk,
The speckled vergilicus ripening on the wall.

Thou hast the feature of my mother's race,
The gilded comb she wore, her smile, her
eye ;

The blood that flushes softly in thy face
Crawls through my veins beneath this north-
ern sky.

As one disherited, though next of kin,
Who lingers at the barred ancestral gate,
And sadly sees the happy heir within
Stroll careless through his forfeited estate ;

Even so I watch thy southern eyes, Lisette,
Lady of my lost paradise and heir
Of summer days that were my birthright. Yet
Beauty like thine makes usurpation fair.

HENRY A. BEERS.

DAWN.

SEE ! on the mountain-tops the morn is spread,
And twilight steals away with noiseless tread ;
Fainter and fainter in the flush of day
The shy stars twinkle, and their pale, pure
ray

Fades in the splendor of the rising sun,
As conscious that their nightly work is done ;
While at his kiss, sweet Nature lifts her eyes
And smiles into his face. The blushing skies
Scatter their roses on the clouds, until
The sunny garland wreathes from hill to hill,
And Morning sits enthroned amid her flowers,
Fresh with the rainbow-tints of angel-bowers.
And down below, the earth reflects Heaven's
grace :

Bright diamonds sparkle on the lake's calm
face,

Pearl-drops are glistening on the forest trees,
Flowers toss their dewy petals in the breeze,
And corn-fields in the valley laugh and sing, —
For joy that life should be so glad a thing.

Thou, who dost bid the morning light to shine,
And thrill all nature with a warmth divine,
Let not the shades of sin our souls enshroud,
But with thy brightness scatter every cloud ;
The fairest dawn without thee is as night ;
Say to our waking hearts, "Let there be
light !"

GENEVIEVE M. I. IRONS.

Sunday Magazine.

PHILOCTETES' FAREWELL TO LEMNOS.

["Χαῖρ ὦ μέλαθρον κ.τ.λ."]

HOMER that hast watched with me, farewell !
And nymphs that haunt the springs, or dwell
In seaward meadows, and the roar
Of waves that break upon the shore,
Where often through the cavern's mouth
The drifting of the rainy south
Has coldly drenched me as I lay ;
And Hermes' hill, whence, night and day,
When anguish seized me, to my cry
Hoarse-sounding echo made reply ;
O fountains of the land, and thou,
Pool of the Wolf ! I leave you now ;
Beyond all hope, I leave thy strand,
O sea-encircled Lemnian land !
Grant me with favoring winds to go
Whither the mighty fates command,
And this dear company of friends,
And mastering powers, that shape our ends
To issues fairer than we know.

Spectator.

ALFRED CHURCH.

SONG.

STAY, sweet day, for thou art fair,
Fair, and full, and calm ;
Crowned through all thy golden hours,
With Love's freshest, purest flowers,
Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,
Rich in Hope's bright balm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait,
As you glide away !
Now is all so glad and bright,
Now we breathe in sure delight,
Now we smile in Fate's despite,
Stay with us, sweet day.

Ah ! she cannot, may not stop ;
All things must decay ;
So with head, and heart, and will,
Take the joy that lingers still,
Take the pause in strife and ill,
Prize the passing day.

All The Year Round.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE
AMERICAN CHURCHES.*

BY DEAN STANLEY.

As elsewhere I have spoken of the historical aspect of the United States, so here I propose, in the same manner and with the same reservations, to speak of the historical aspect of the American Churches; and as then I ventured at times to point the moral to the peculiar audience of Birmingham, so here I may be allowed to make analogous applications to my clerical audience in Sion College.

I. Before I enter on any details let me offer some general remarks.

(1.) It will be observed that I speak, not of "the American Church," but of "the American Churches." It is the custom with many English Churchmen to speak of "the American Church" as if there were but one, and that a branch of our own form, established in America. A moment's reflection will show the erroneousness of this nomenclature. It is not only that other Churches in America are of far larger dimensions, but that from the nature of the case it would be as absurd to speak of the "Church of America" as it would be to speak of the "Church of Europe."

Each separate state is as it were a separate kingdom, and although the religious communities are not precisely conterminous with the different states, yet one or other predominates in these different commonwealths, and although a like complexion runs through almost all of them, the distinctions between what may be called the national Churches of the several states will perhaps never be altogether effaced.

During the War of Independence the Churches were set in hostile array by their politics. The Congregationalists were all Whigs; the Episcopalians, most of them,

Tories. "The Quakers,"* says Franklin, "gave to the Revolution every opposition which their vast abilities and influence could suggest." During the great Civil War the Churches in the North and South were completely torn asunder by the distinction of political principle, and since the war it is with difficulty that any of them have been again re-united. The Southern bishops asked for re-admission to the Episcopal Convention, but on the express condition that no censure was to be passed on their departed colleague, Bishop Polk. The Northern bishops consented to re-admit them, but after much hesitation. The Methodists and Presbyterians of the North and South have not yet entirely coalesced. The pope, in the plenitude of his infallibility, shrank from pronouncing a judgment on the question of slavery such as might alienate from his Church either the North or the South.

It is this variation of ecclesiastical organization in the different states which explains the principle that has often misled European bystanders, namely, that which excludes from the consideration of Congress all concerns of religion. This, by whatever other influence it may have been accomplished, is the natural result of the almost necessary exclusion of the central government from the domestic arrangements of the particular states. Long before and long after the Congress had been established, the governments of individual states still exercised an undoubted control over the ecclesiastical affairs of their particular communities.

The whole system is or was till recently more or less what we should call concurrent establishment or concurrent endowment. The principle of establishment in America existed till our own time in a galling and odious form, such as never existed in England, that of a direct taxation in each State for whatever was the predominant form of religion. This has now disappeared,† but the principle of endowment still continues; and if the endowments of Harvard college in Massachusetts, or Trinity Church in New York, were at-

* An address delivered in Sion College, March 17, 1879. The authorities on which this sketch is founded are the usual works connected with American history. Perhaps I should specify more particularly Palfrey's "History of New England," Beardsley's "History of the Church in Connecticut," Bishop White's "Memoirs of the Protestant Church," Anderson's "History of the Colonial Church," Stevens's "History of Methodism." The rest speak for themselves; and I have derived much from the kindness of American friends in oral communication.

* Sargent's André, 122.

† See an excellent article on the Anglo-American Churches, in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xlvii., p. 414.

tacked, the programme of the Liberation Society would in this respect meet with a resistance in the United States as sturdy as it awakens in England.

(2.) Again, as with the United States at large, so also in regard to their religious development, the truth holds that they exhibit the marks of a young, unformed, and, so to speak, raw society. The American Churches from the first retained and still retain traces of a state of feeling which from the Churches of the older continent have almost passed away. The intolerance which is the mark of the crudity of newly-formed communities was found in the United States long after it had ceased in the mother country. Baptists and Quakers, for their religious opinions, were cruelly scourged in the state of Massachusetts after any such barbarous punishment, on any purely theological grounds, had vanished from England. A venerable Baptist has recorded* his sufferings whilst exposed to the lash of his persecutors, in language worthy of an early Christian martyr, and the sufferings of the Quakers have been made the subject of a tragedy by Longfellow. Even as late as 1750 an old man is said to have been publicly scourged in Boston for non-attendance at the Congregationalist worship.†

On the question of slavery, which in the American Churches reached, both in North and South, the dignity of a religious dogma, there were instances, even within our own time, of the missionaries of abolition being burnt alive at the stake long after any such punishment was inflicted even in Scotland even on witches.‡

The exclusiveness of public opinion against some of the prevailing forms of religious belief in America till within twenty or thirty years ago, was at least equal to anything found amongst ourselves. A well-known English traveller passing through the states where Unitarian opinions were not in vogue, tells us that she

was warned in significant terms that she had better conceal them if she wished to find social reception.* The passion for pilgrimages, relics, and anniversaries is, with some obvious modifications, as ardent as in the European Churches of the Middle Ages, and the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the Mayflower is said to be almost as extraordinary as the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the true cross.†

(3.) Again, the social estimation of the different Churches bears a striking resemblance to those distinctions which in other forms might have been found in the Churches of Europe centuries ago. These relations are in detail often the reverse of what we find in Europe, but this does not make less significant the general fact of the combination of certain religious convictions with certain strata of society.

Let me briefly give a sketch of these social conditions as they now appear, inherited no doubt in large proportion from the historical origin of the different creeds. At the top of the scale must be placed, varying according to the different states in which they are found, the Unitarian Church, chiefly in Massachusetts; the Episcopal Church chiefly in Connecticut and the Southern States. Next, the Quakers, or Friends, in Philadelphia, limited in numbers, but powerful in influence and respectability, who constituted the mainstay of Pennsylvanian loyalty during the War of Independence.‡ Next, the Presbyterian Church, and close upon its borders, and often on a level with it, the Congregationalists. Then, after a long interval, the Methodists; and following upon them, also after an interval, the Baptists; and again, with perhaps a short interval, the Universalists, springing from the lower ranks of Congregationalists. Then, after a deep gulf, the Roman Catholic Church, which, except in Maryland and the French population of Canada and of old Louisiana, is confined almost entirely to the Irish. Their political influ-

* Grant's History of the Baptists, p. 447.

† Wilberforce, History of the American Church, 116.

‡ Miss Martineau's "Western Travel," iii. 81, 174; ii. 208. "Society in America," i. 148, 150. Garrison at Boston narrowly escaped death, "Western Travel," iii. 76; "Society in America," i. 176.

* Miss Martineau's W. T. 180, 211; S. A. ii. 15, 29,

227.

† Lyell, Second Visit, i. 120.

‡ Sargent's André, 119.

ence is no doubt powerful; but this arises from the homogeneity of their vote. There are also a few distinguished examples of Roman Catholics in the highest ranks of the legal profession.

Below and besides all these are the various unions of eccentric characters, Shakers and the like, who occupy in the retired fastnesses of North America something of the same position which was occupied by the like eccentric monastic orders of mediæval Europe.

In what respects these various religious communities have contributed to American society results superior or inferior to those of the National Churches of Europe is well discussed by Mr. Thomas Hughes in his chapter on this subject, in "The Old Church and what to do with it," which (with two trifling exceptions) I adopt as so completely coinciding with my own impressions, as to render any further discussion of the matter useless in this place.

II. We will now leave these general remarks, and take the different Churches in the order of their chronological formation, dwelling chiefly on those which have the largest significance.

(1.) Passing over for the moment the two great outlying Roman Catholic settlements in the Southern States and Canada, which, as not being of British origin, cannot be fairly brought within the scope of these remarks, the first solid foundation of any religious community in the United States was that of the New England Churches. These, being derived from the Puritans who escaped from the detested yoke of the legislation of the Stuart kings, gave a color to the whole religion of the first civilization of North America.

There are considerable varieties in detail. The Puritans* of Salem, who regarded themselves as non-conforming members of the Church of England, looked with aversion on the separatist principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in the Mayflower at Plymouth. It was long before this breach was healed, and the distinction, jealously guarded in the retrospect even at the present day, is not

unimportant, as bringing before our minds the true historical position of the Puritans in the mother country. The pathetic expressions of affection for the Church of England — "England," as they said, "and not Babylon" — the passionate desire not to leave it, but to reform it — this was the wellspring of the religious life of America as it was the wellspring of the religious life of those distinguished English pastors whom the Act of Uniformity compelled reluctantly to abandon their posts in the National Church at home.

Another variation amongst the Puritan settlers was that which divided the Presbyterians from the Congregationalists. The Congregationalists, as they have insisted upon terming themselves,* instead of taking the name of "Independents," which their co-religionists have adopted in England, carried on the line of ecclesiastical policy which would probably have prevailed in England had Richard Cromwell remained seated on his father's throne, and transmitted his sceptre to another and yet another Oliver, with whatever modifications the national circumstances might have produced. The names of the streets of Boston still bear witness, or did till within a few years ago, of the force with which the recollection of those days clung to the New England colonists. Newbury Street, from the battle of Newbury; Commonwealth Street, from the English Commonwealth; Cromwell Street, from the great protector; and amongst the Christian names, which are remarkable indications in every country of the prevailing affections of the period, are a host of Biblical appellations which in the mother country, even amongst Non-conformists, have almost become extinct: Kind, Light, Lively, Vigilance, Free-grace, Search-the-Scriptures, Accepted, Elected, Hate-evil, Faint-not, Rest-come, Pardon, Above-hope, Free-gift, Reformation, Oceanus (born on the Mayflower), Peregrine (first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims), Return, Freeborn, Freedom, Pilgrim, Donation, Ransom, Mercy, Dependence, Hardy, Reliance, Deliverance, Experience, Consider, Pru-

* See the oration of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, p. 170, on the "Commemoration of the Landing of John Endicott at Salem."

* The name was given by Conant.

dence, Patience, ("Patia"), Standfast, Sweet, Hope, Hopesstill, Urbane, Rejoice, Welcome, Desire, Amity, Remember, Hasty, Prosper, Wealthy, Mindwell, Duty, Zealous, Opportunity, Submit, Fearing, Unite, Model, Comfort, Fidelity, Silence, Amen, Reason, Right, Rescue, Humble.

There are three romantic stories which have come down to us from those early times. One is the only legend which Walter Scott has incorporated into his romances from the history of America, the apparition of the regicide Goffe in a battle with the red Indians at Hadley; the second, the antidote of the firmness of Judge Davenport at New Haven on the supposed arrival of the day of judgment during an extraordinary darkness; thirdly, the self-imposed penance of Judge Sewell at Salem for his persecution of the witches.

Two great institutions owe their origin to the first Congregationalist settlers—Harvard College, of the American Cambridge in Massachusetts, Yale College, in the City of Elms at New Haven—each with its splendid hall and chapel—each with its group of smaller edifices, destined doubtless to grow up into a constellation of colleges.

Two characters of apostolic zeal appeared in connection with the mission to the Indians. One was David Brainerd, the heroic youth (for he was but twenty-nine when he died) who devoted to the service of the Indians a life as saintly as ever was nurtured by European missions. "Not from necessity but by choice, for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. It appeared to me just and right that I should be destitute of home and many comforts of life which I rejoice to see other of God's people enjoy. And at the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed all my other thoughts, and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness, and to my dying moment, if I might truly promote the blessed interests of the great Redeemer, and if ever my soul presented itself to God for his service without any reserve of any kind it did so now. The language of thought and disposition now was, 'Here am I, Lord, send me;' send me to the jungle, the savage pagans of the wilderness—send me from all these so-called comforts on earth, or earthly comfort—send me even to death itself if

it be but in thy name and to promote thy kingdom."*

The other was "the Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, whose translation of the Bible into their language remains as the monument both of his own gigantic effort and the sole record of their tongue, and also of the friendly relations which the Church of England then maintained with its separated children. It was supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—"the Venerable Society," as the Americans call it—and by Sion College.† He lies in the churchyard on the rocky hill of Roxbury, in the suburbs of Boston.

(2.) The Presbyterians, who in Great Britain furnished so large an element to the contending Churches at the time of our civil wars, but who, with us, have almost entirely receded or been confined to the great Presbyterian communion on the other side of the Tweed, in America have kept up alike their inborn vigor and their numerical force. Amongst them rose the one theological name of the early period of American ecclesiastical history which still possesses a European fame. In the secluded village of Stockbridge, amongst the Berkshire hills, a wooden cottage is shown which for many years was the residence of Jonathan Edwards. It was there that he composed his book on the "Freedom of the Will," which is said to be the most powerful exposition of the doctrines of necessity dear alike to the Calvinistic theologian and to the modern scientific investigator.‡

It may be of interest for a moment to recall his outward manner of life as the tradition of it is there preserved, because it shows that the apparent incongruities of ecclesiastical preferment and individual character are not confined to the anomalies of European Churches. He was sent out there as a missionary to the Indians and pastor to the colonists, but it is said of him with a simplicity that provokes a smile, that thirteen out of the twenty-four hours were devoted to study in his house; that his time out of doors was chiefly devoted to cutting wood and riding through the forest; that he never visited his people except they were sick, and did not know his own cattle. He is laid in the cemetery of Princeton, the chief Presbyterian university of which in his latter years he was

* Anderson's "History of the Colonial Church," iii. 460.

† Anderson, ii. 386, 387, 398.

‡ It is difficult precisely to classify Edwards' ecclesiastical position. He began and ended as a Presbyterian, but was much connected in the interval with Congregationalists.

president; and hard by lies his grandson, the Satan of American history, Aaron Burr.

One other name of later days belongs alike to the theology of Europe and America, connected in like manner with the Presbyterians or Congregationalists. It is that of Dr. Robinson, the author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine." A simple solid granite pillar marks the site of his grave in the most beautiful of American cemeteries, that of Greenwood, in the neighborhood of New York. He was the first explorer of Palestine who saw it with the eyes of a mind fully prepared for what he was to discover, and capable of seeing what he had to describe. His works may be superseded by later investigators and more attractive writers, but he will always be regarded as the founder of modern sacred geography.

It was inevitable that the Presbyterian body in America should be increased and fortified by an influx of those holding the same creed or form of Church government from Scotland and Ulster. It is in Canada chiefly that these have found their home. There alone amongst the colonial settlements of Great Britain the rancor of Orangemen against Papists still continues in unbroken force. The streets of Montreal have been the scene of riots as furious as those which have disturbed the thoroughfares of Belfast. There also the distinction between the Established and the Free Church of Scotland has been carried beyond the Atlantic, and although in the almost necessary absence of fuel to keep alive the division, the two sections have within the last few years been brought to an outward coalition, yet it was only three years ago that a dispute on the question of the duration of future punishment almost again rent them asunder; the members of the old National Church of Scotland maintaining without exception the more merciful and (we trust) Biblical view of this question, and the members of the Free Church equally adhering, according to their characteristic usage, to the more narrow and traditional opinion.

A word should be given to the Dutch Reformed Church, which exists amongst the American forms of Presbyterianism. It has a kind of European reputation in the pages of Washington Irving and of Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady."* Döllinger, when asked what theologians the Americans had produced, answered "Only two — Channing" (of whom we shall speak presently) "and the

Dutch Reformed pastor, Nevins," the author of "The Spirit of Sect," and father of the present accomplished chaplain to the Episcopal American Church at Rome.

(3.) The next infusion into the ecclesiastical elements of America were the two great communions which I have already mentioned, the Baptists and the Methodists.

Of the Baptists it is only necessary here to say that in numbers they surpass all other American Churches, except the Methodists, including, as they do, not merely many of the humbler classes in the Northern States, but also a large proportion of the negroes in the South. One interesting feature in their history deserves to be recorded. Many are accustomed in these latter days in England to speak as if the chief mode by which religion is propagated must be the importance attached to sacramental forms. It is worth while for us to contemplate this vast American Church, which, more than the corresponding community in England, lays stress on its retention of what is undoubtedly the primitive, apostolical, and was till the thirteenth century, the universal mode of baptism in Christendom, which is still retained throughout the Eastern Churches, and which is still in our own Church as positively enjoined in theory as it is universally neglected in practice, namely, the oriental, strange, inconvenient and, to us, almost barbarous practice of immersion. The Baptist Churches, although they have used our own authorized version, and will, we trust, accept our new revision, yet in their own translation of the Bible have substituted "immersion" for the more ambiguous term, "baptism." The attraction which this ceremony of total ablution, in the burning heats of the Southern States, offers to uneducated minds is said to be one of the most powerful motives which have induced the negroes to adopt the Baptist communion. A measure of the want of education amongst these primitive converts may be given in the story told of the triumphant tones in which a negro teacher of the Baptist Church addressed a member of the chief rival communion. "You profess to go to the Bible, and yet in the Bible you find constant mention of 'John the Baptist,' John the Immerser. Where did you ever find any mention of 'John the Methodist?'"

(4.) This leads us to that other communion whose progress through the United States alone exceeds that of the Baptists. John Wesley and George Whitefield alone, or almost alone, of eminent English teach-

ers were drawn beyond the limits of their own country to propagate the gospel, or their own view of it, in the transatlantic regions. John Wesley's career in Georgia, although not the most attractive of his fields of labor, is yet deeply interesting from his close connection with one of the noblest of all the religious founders of the American States, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. "In the heart of the evergreen forest, in the deep solitude of St. Simon's Island, is the great oak with its hanging moss, which they still call 'Wesley's Oak,' underneath which he preached to the colony in the wilderness." George Whitefield produced by his preaching the same extraordinary effect which he had produced in England, of which the crowning example is the impression he left on the hard, homely, philosophic mind of Benjamin Franklin; and, thorough Englishman as he was, he terminated his marvellous career, not in England, but in America, and his bones still remain to be visited like the relics of a mediæval saint in the church of Newburyport in Massachusetts.

It would seem as if three elements conducted to the remarkable position of the American Methodists. First, for the more educated classes the Arminianism of Wesley, to which in their uncultured way the transatlantic Methodists still adhered, furnished some kind of escape from the stern Calvinism of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of New England; and it may be that out of this tendency sprang that remarkable off-set from Congregationalism of which I have already spoken, the Universalists.

Secondly, the Episcopal organization of this community, which, although differing from the more regular forms under which it is preserved in the Roman, English, and Lutheran Churches, has yet justified Wesley's adoption of it by the coherence which it has given to a system otherwise so diffusive.*

Coke, the first Methodist, the first Protestant bishop † of America, has a life and

death not unworthy of the vast Church of which he was the virtual founder. He was the right hand of Wesley—inferior, no doubt, but still his chief supporter. "I want," he said, on his last visit to America, "the wings of an eagle and the voice of a prophet, to proclaim the gospel east and west, and north and south." He was consecrated bishop by Wesley with the full approval of the most saintly and one of the most churchmanlike of Wesley's followers, Fletcher of Madeley. He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. He traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies. He found his grave in the Indian Ocean on his way to the wide sphere of missionary labor in the East Indies.

Thirdly, the hymns, originating in the first instance from the pens of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and multiplied by the fertility of American fancy, have an attraction for the colored population corresponding to that ceremonial charm which I have already described as furnished to them by the Baptists through the rite of immersion.

(5.) We now come to the latest, but not the least important developments of American Christianity. Out of the Calvinism of the New England Churches, much in the same way as out of the Calvinism of Geneva itself, under the influence of the general wave of critical and philosophical inquiry which swept over the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century, there arose in the famous city, which by its rare culture and social charms may claim to be the Geneva of America, that form of Congregationalism, which, for want of a better name, has been called partly by its enemies and partly by its friends, Unitarianism. Not great in numbers,* except in Boston and its neighborhood, but including within itself almost all the cultivated authorship of America in the beginning of this century, the Unitarian Church at that period was unquestionably at the summit of the civilized Christianity of the Western continent. Its chief representative was one of the few names which, like Jonathan Edwards, has acquired not only an American but a European splendor, Dr. Channing. The stiff and stately style of his works will hardly maintain its ground under the altered tastes of our generation. But it is believed that his sermons may still from time to time

* For the futile attempts of Coke to procure Episcopal ordination for the Methodist clergy from the Church of England and the Episcopal American Church, see Stevens's "History of Methodism," iii. 129, 130. Coke wrote to Lord Liverpool and also to William Wilberforce to offer himself as the first Bishop of India (Ibid. iii. 329. Tyerman's "Life and Times of Wesley," iii. 434).

† The name of bishop, as applied to an episcopal office created by a presbyter, may, in the ordinary parlance of modern Europe, be regarded as a solecism. But in the rude organization of primitive times, such a use of the word was a necessity. All the bishops of the second century must have been created by presbyters of the first century, and this usage continued in Alex-

andria down to the fourth century. See Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive treatise on the Christian ministry in his work on the Epistle to the Philippians, p. 228, 229.

* One-fifth of the population in Boston. Lyell's Second Visit, i. 172.

be heard from English pulpits where we should least expect to find them. And both in England and America there still remains the strong personal impression which he left on those who knew him.

Those who can remember him describe the dignified courtesy and gracious humility which gave even to his outward appearance the likeness of an ancient English dignitary; and with this was combined, in the later period of his life, a courageous zeal rarely united with a cautious and shrinking temperament like his, in behalf of the cause of Abolition, then, in his native state and amongst his own peculiar circles, branded with unpopularity amounting almost to odium. "When he read a prayer, it left upon those who listened the impression that it was the best prayer that they had ever heard, or when he gave out a hymn, that it was the best hymn they had ever read." To some one who was complaining of the strenuous denunciations in the Gospel discourses, he opened the New Testament and read the passages aloud. As soon as he had finished, his hearers said, "Oh, if that was the tone in which they were spoken, it alters the case." * When he came to this country he visited the poet Wordsworth, and years afterwards the poet would point to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Coleridge, after his interview, said of him, "Dr. Channing is a philosopher in both possible senses of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." † When he died he was borne to his grave in the cemetery at Mount Auburn amidst the mourning of all Boston; and the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of Protestant church and chapel and meeting-house in muffled peals for the loss of one who, as his gravestone records, was "honored," not only "by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor," but "throughout Christendom." ‡

The neighborhood of Newport was the scene of his early life. § "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." He was a complete Bostonian, yet he had a keen sense of the social superiority of the Virginians. || He was a thorough American, but in the Napoleonic war his love for England was as strong as if he had been born in Britain. ¶

One or two characteristic anecdotes may be given of his general culture.

Speaking of Cervantes, whom he could not forgive for his satire on Don Quixote, he said, "I love the Don too much to enjoy his history." The following passage in substance singularly coincides with the celebrated but long subsequent passage of Cardinal Newman on the religious aspect of music. "I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. Nothing in my experience is more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer the religious sentiment to music; and I suspect that the Christian world under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of immortality. Facts of this nature make us feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

We may add various passages, which give a just estimate of the catholicity of his theological sentiments. "Read to me," he said to his friend in his last hours, "the Sermon on the Mount." And when they closed the Lord's Prayer, "I take comfort," he said, "and the profoundest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." "I value Unitarianism," he remarked, "not as a perfect system, but as freed from many errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotism of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian; I have little sympathy with Priestley or Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith." *

"I do not speak as a Unitarian, but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect."

"Until a new thirst for truth, such, I fear, as is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make little progress."

"The true Reformation, I apprehend, is yet to come."

"What I feel is that Christianity, as expounded by all our sects, is accomplishing its divine purpose very imperfectly, and that we want a Reformation worthy of the name; that, instead of enslaving ourselves to any existing sect, we should seek, by a new cleansing of our hearts, and more earnestness of prayer, brighter, purer, more quickening views of Christianity."

* Life, ii., 286; iii. 449.

† I. 219. Compare Wordsworth's account, ii. 218.

‡ I. 136.

§ I. 82.

|| I. 100.

¶ I. 332.

* See his candid estimate of English Theology, ii. 148-151, and of all Churches, i. 352. See also i. 344, 387, 406; ii. 38, 400.

"We have reason to suppose, from what has been experienced, that great changes will take place in the present state of Christianity; and the time is, perhaps, coming when all our present sects will live only in history."

"God is a spirit, and his spiritual offspring carry the primary revelation of him in their own nature. The God-like within us is the primary revelation of God. The moral nature is man's great tie to divinity. There is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law. The pure in heart see God. Here is the true way to God."

"Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity, with the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content."

"Strive to seize the true idea of Christ's character; to trace in his history the working of his soul; to comprehend the divinity of his spirit. Strive to rise above what was local, temporary, partial in Christ's teaching, to his universal, all-comprehending truth."

It is said that there was in the warmth * of Unitarian preachers at that time something quite unlike the coldness frequently ascribed to it. One fervent spirit at least, though divided from it in later days, sprang from the Unitarian Church, Theodore Parker. He also, though not so extensively, was one of the few American theologians known beyond his own country; and with all the objections which may be made against his rough and untimely modes of thought and expression, he must be regarded as the first pioneer, on the transatlantic continent, of those larger views of critical inquiry and religious philosophy which have so deeply influenced all the Churches of the Old World.

(6.) We now come to what is in one sense the earliest, in another, the latest born of the American Churches. Before the arrival of the "Mayflower" in the Bay of Plymouth there had already entered into the James River that adventurous colony, headed by the most marvellous of all the explorers of the Western world in those days, the representative of Raleigh, Captain John Smith. In him and in his settlement were the first parents of the Church of England in America. The first clergyman was Robert Hunt, vicar of Reculver in Kent, who was the chaplain of

the unruly crew, and who celebrated in Virginia the first English communion of the New World on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1607. We hear little of the early pastors; but any Church might be proud to trace back its foundation to so noble a character as the devout sailor-hero John Smith. "In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers. He never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him—into no danger would he send them where he could not lead them himself. He never would see us want what he either had or could by any means get us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and feared covetousness more than death. His adventures were our lives, and his loss our own deaths." * An accomplished scholar of our own time has said "Machiavelli's 'Art of War,' and the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' † were the two books which Captain John Smith used when he was a young man. Smith is almost unknown and forgotten in England his native country, but not in America, where he saved the young colony in Virginia. He was great in his heroic character and his deeds of arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character."

But the Church of England in Virginia did not reach at any time that high state of religious and moral development which belonged to the Puritan shapes of English Christianity in New England. No doubt the influence of the founders of Maryland and Georgia must have conduced to its spread in those southern regions; but in the Northern States it was usually regarded as a mere concomitant of those English governors who resided in their capital cities.

The Anglican clergy were more or less treated as Dissenters. In the State archives at Hartford there is still to be seen a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut urging the governor of the State to use his influence in inducing the Congregationalist clergy to allow them access to the Eucharist. There is something highly instructive in a record which represents the clergy of the Church of Archbishop Laud and Bishop Ken ac-

* Narrative of Pots. in Smith's "History of Virginia," p. 93, quoted in Anderson's "History of the Colonial Church," vol. I., p. 252. See also the address on "The Historical Aspect of the United States," *LIVING AGE*, No. 1807, p. 259.

† George Long in the preface to the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," p. 27.

knowledge of the spiritual validity and value of sacraments administered by Congregationalists, and half imploring the civil power to force this rival Church to allow them to participate in its communion.

Although from time to time the intention arose of sending a bishop from England to administer and consolidate the English Church in those parts, the project was never seriously entertained, and it was in the absence of such an element that John Wesley felt constrained to authorize the irregular episcopate of the Methodists.

One splendid name—the greatest of deans—was suggested for this position—Jonathan Swift. Happily—or unhappily—for America the project came to naught. But it is impossible not to reflect on the different fate of the English Church in America had its first bishop been that most wonderful genius, that most unhappy man, of his age.* The American clergy also narrowly escaped the misfortune of a succession of nonjuring bishops.†

The wranglings of the Virginian and Maryland clergy with their vestries never mount to the dignity of history, till on that fatal day when the dispute with the “parsons” on the tithe and tobacco duty suddenly called forth the most eloquent orator of the Revolution—the rustic Patrick Henry—

The forest-born Demosthenes—
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas;
whose speech on that day passed into a proverb for a successful oratorical effort—“He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons.”‡

There were, however, from time to time flashes of interest shown by the English Church for its American children. Two are so remarkable as to deserve special notice. When Nicholas Ferrar, the monastic recluse of Gidding, sent a friend to minister to the dying pastor of Bemerton, George Herbert presented to Ferrar the manuscript of his poems. When Ferrar undertook to procure from the vice-chancellor of Cambridge the necessary license for printing them it was found that two lines were not allowed to pass without remonstrance. They were these,—

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.

It is believed that they were suggested to Herbert by his intimacy with Ferrar, who,

himself a member of the struggling Virginian company, had at one time thought of devoting his life to the New World. Ferrar accordingly strove hard for their retention. The vice-chancellor at last permitted their appearance, adding his hope, however, that the world would not take Herbert for an inspired prophet.* They remain to show if not the prophetic at least the poetic and religious interest which the small germ of the Church of England in America had for the Keble of that age.

Another still more memorable example occurs in the next century. The romantic scheme of Berkeley for the civilization of Bermuda and the evangelization of the Indians, led him to settle for two years at Newport in Rhode Island. He was the first dean † (for he was not yet bishop) who ever set foot on the American shores. His wooden house (“Whitehall”) still remains. The churches of Rhode Island still retain the various parts of his organ. The cave in the rock overhanging the beach—the same beach that “formed the mind” of Channing—is pointed out where he composed “The Minute Philosopher.” Yale College is proud to exhibit his portrait and his bequest of books. His chair is the chair of state in the college of Hartford. And the University of California, in grateful memory of the most illustrious Churchman who ever visited the New World, has adopted his name, and has inscribed over its portal those famous lines in which he expressed, with even larger scope than Herbert, his confidence in the progress of America—

Westward the course of empire holds its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

This blessing has been often applied to the American States—some portion of it may perhaps descend to the American Churches, especially that in which Berkeley himself took most interest.

But these brilliant incidents are exceptions. The vestiges of the English Church in America previous to the separation have chiefly now for us but an antiquarian charm. In the cities which fringe the eastern coasts there exist churches few and far between, built at this period. Some of them were built of bricks brought out from England. They are most of them copied from the model of our St. Martin's in the Fields. They retain the internal

* Anderson, iii. 222, 287.

† Wilberforce, 161.

‡ Anderson, iii. 236-241.

* Anderson, i. 362.

† A great dignitary of the English Church, called “dean.”—Anderson, iii. 482.

arrangements—the high reading-desk, the towering pulpit, the high pews, the Creed and Ten Commandments, which now, alas! have almost disappeared from every church in London. In the next century, if America is wise enough to preserve these venerable antiquities, they will be visited by English archæologists as the rare survivals of a form of architecture and of ecclesiological arrangement which in England will have become entirely extinct. The solid communion plate, the huge folio Prayer-books presented by Queen Anne and George I., still adorn their altars; and the prayers for the royal family may be identified by peering through the leaves which were pasted together at the time when the Revolution rendered it impossible for the words any more to be used.

Naturally when the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country these scattered congregations of English Churchmen, with their pastors, in many instances adhered to the cause of the monarchy, and when the separation was at last accomplished many of them fled from their posts and took refuge in the nearest English port, at Halifax. But then arose the question by what means the “episcopal government” could be preserved when the connection with the English crown and Church had been so completely severed.

From two separate centres arose the determination, if possible, to reunite the severed link. At the time when Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Boston were gradually developing into Unitarianism, a movement, originating partly from the same sentiment of reaction against the Calvinistic teachers of New Haven, manifested itself in Connecticut.

The two teachers in the college of Yale, its “rector” and its “tutor,” Cutler and Johnson by name, being convinced of the superiority of the Anglican system to that in which they had been nurtured, with a resolute firmness which overcame all difficulties, crossed the ocean and sought ordination at the hands of the bishops of the English Church. They were welcomed by Dean Stanhope in the deanery of Canterbury, and they were ordained by Bishop Robinson in St. Martin’s Church. They were perhaps the first native colonists who had received ordination in England, and it may be that this connection with St. Martin’s led to that reproduction of it as the ideal of church architecture, which I have already noticed. Johnson at Yale College had been held in high estimation, and had been the first to introduce the Copernican in the place of the Ptolemaic system of

astronomy which had been taught there till 1717. He became the friend of Berkeley, and ultimately the first president of King’s College, now Columbia College, at New York, the first Episcopal college in America. This movement, which took place long before the Revolution, formed a soil on which Anglican tendencies might naturally fructify. Accordingly it was from Connecticut, when the crisis of the Revolution was accomplished, that a bold spirit first conceived the notion of obtaining for himself, and through himself for his country, episcopal consecration. It was Samuel Seabury. He came over to England with the resolve of seeking this consecration, if possible, from the English bishops—and if, owing to obvious difficulties they were unable to grant it, to seek it from the Episcopal communion in Scotland. This last alternative was the one which he adopted. It has often been said that when repulsed by the English bishops, he was on his way to receive the episcopal succession from Denmark,* but was diverted from his intention by the counsel of Dr. Routh of Oxford, then a young man, who advised him to claim it from Scotland. Whatever Dr. Routh may have said, it is an error to suppose that this was what influenced Seabury’s determination. A letter † still extant shows beyond question that it was part of his original instructions when he crossed the Atlantic. If any English clergyman confirmed him in his resolution to cross the Tweed it was the eccentric though amiable George Berkeley, the bishop’s son.

From the Scottish bishops accordingly, in a small chamber of the humble dwelling of the Scottish “primus” in Aberdeen, Seabury received his consecration. A facsimile of the agreement which those bishops made with him is kept in the Episcopal College of Hartford in Connecticut. The original is in the possession of Dr. Seabury of New York. It contains, amongst other provisions, three conditions, characteristic of the narrow local views of that small, insignificant, suffering body. The first was, that Seabury should use his utmost endeavors to prevent the American clergy or bishops from showing any countenance to those clergy in Scotland who had received ordination at the hands of

* The question of going to Denmark was afterwards suggested in reference to the consecration of Bishop White, but never followed up. — White, 30, 27.

† This letter of Mr. Fogg is published in “Church Documents,” vol. ii. 212, 213. Since this address was delivered much useful information, of which I have availed myself, has been given me by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Hartford, Connecticut.

their dreaded rivals, the English bishops. It was in fact an anticipation of the modern protest against Bishop Beccles. The second was that he should endeavor as far as possible to retain in America that one shred of the old English liturgy to which, through good and evil fortune, and amidst all other accommodations to Presbyterian usages, the Scottish Episcopal Church still adhered, namely the arrangement of the communion office in the first book of King Edward, retained in the Laudian Liturgy.* The third was, that the civil authorities should only be mentioned in general terms, a proposal evidently intended to cover the Scottish omission (from Jacobite scruples) of the names of the royal family in Great Britain. Another point that he endeavored to carry out, at the solicitation of the Scottish Jacobites, was the exclusion of laymen† from ecclesiastical assemblies; but in this he failed, though gaining the point that bishops should not be tried by the laity.

Under these conditions, and with the high ecclesiastical spirit natural to himself, and fortified by his connection with these nonjuring divines, Seabury returned. Long afterwards he maintained a dignity which must be regarded as altogether exceptional, not only by Americans, but by Englishmen. There remains in the college at Hartford a huge black mitre, the only genuine Protestant mitre on which the eyes of any English Churchman have ever rested. It was borne by Bishop Seabury, not merely as an heraldic badge or in state ceremonial, but in the high solemnities of his own church in Connecticut. To his influence also must be attributed that singular office in the American Prayer-book, happily not obligatory, the one exception to its general tone, on which we shall presently enlarge — the office of Institution of the Clergy, containing every phrase relating to ministerial functions, which both from the English and American Prayer-books had been carefully excluded — "altar," "sacerdotal," "apostolic succession." This office, although now hardly ever used in the American Episcopal Church, yet remains, we will not say as a "dead fly causing the ointment to stink," but at any rate as a mark of the influence which Seabury's spirit continued to exercise after his death.‡

But it was felt then, as it has been felt since, that any American Church conducted upon these principles was certain to fail,* and happily for the continuance of anything like Anglican principles on the other side of the Atlantic, others were found at that trying time of a totally different stamp, who were able to secure and transmit a nobler and larger view of the system of the Church of England.

Amongst the clergy of Philadelphia, there was one who had sided with the colonists in their struggle against the English crown. William White, the rector of Christ Church, was the bosom friend of Washington, and Washington, who was one of the old Virginian gentry himself, was an adherent, if not (which is much disputed) a communicant, of the old Church of England. White was the chaplain of the first congress held in Philadelphia; and, when the separation was finally accomplished, he and others like-minded with him, undertook to frame a scheme for the reconstitution of the English Church in America.

The same liberal tendency which pervaded the Church of England itself at that period was not unknown to these, its American children. According to the slang of the time, White and his colleagues were denounced by the extreme Churchmen of the day as "Socinians;"† and if we regard the partisan usage, which included under that name Tillotson and Burnet, and all advocates of toleration and enlightened learning, they had no reason to repudiate a title so given. They perceived that if an independent Church, deriving its existence from the Church of England, was to arise in America, it must adapt itself not only to the changed political circumstances, but also to the newer and better modes of feeling which had sprung up since the last revision of the Prayer-book at the restoration of Charles II. They took for a model the main alterations (so far as they knew them) proposed in the time ‡ of William III., by the latitudinarian divines of that period, which in England were unfortunately baffled by the opposition of the High Church and Jacobite clergy in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

These modifications were almost all in

(see a striking account of it in Beardsley's "History of the Church in Connecticut," i. p. 435) was in 1796.

* Even Bishop Wilberforce felt this — History of the American Church, 261.

† Wilberforce, 216.

‡ These alterations were at that time known either through tradition or the records of Collier and Burnet. The exact details were not printed in England till 1854.

* There are differences in detail between the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., the Laudian Liturgy and the Scottish Office. But these are beside our present purpose.

† White's Memoirs, pp. 200, 209.

‡ The office was published in 1804. Seabury's death

the same good direction. A few verbal alterations were occasioned by the fastidiousness which belonged partly to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, and partly to the false delicacy said to be one of the characteristics of American society. But the larger changes were almost entirely inspired by the liberal thought of that age. White and his colleagues felt the incongruity of still continuing in the services for ordination and visitation, words of ambiguous meaning, derived from the darkest period of the Middle Ages, unknown to the ancient or Eastern Church, which our English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had either not the knowledge or the courage to reject. In the ordination service an alternative expression to the objectionable formula was offered, to which Seabury appears to have reluctantly consented. In the visitation service it was omitted altogether. They brought out in the Catechism the spiritual character of the Eucharist. They modified the questionable passages of the marriage and the burial services. They swept away from the commination service all the prefatory portion, containing the incongruous wish for the restoration of primitive discipline and the curses on impenitent sinners, leaving only the few collects at the end. They allowed an alternative in the selection of the Psalms which avoids the more vindictive and exclusively Judaic elements of the Psalter. They permitted the explanation of the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the two great commandments of the gospel. They introduced the liberty of abridging the services, and thus of avoiding the constant repetitions which still to many minds form a stumbling-block in the English Liturgy. They relaxed the obligation of immersion and of the sign of the cross in baptism. They gave permission either to omit altogether any special eucharistic formula on Trinity Sunday, or to use a biblical alternative for the excessive scholasticism of that in the English Prayer-book. They anticipated, though not in the same form, but still with the same intention, the improvements in the calendar of lessons which have been adopted by the English Church within the present year. They foresaw the difficulty of maintaining in the public services the use of phraseology so doubtful, and with difficulties so obvious, to large classes of their countrymen, as some of the expressions contained within the old confessions. In the so-called Apostles' Creed, they proposed to omit the clause containing the belief of the

descent into hell which once constituted the chief element in the primitive conception of redemption. The so-called Nicene Creed, possibly from the conviction that a document in parts so strangely mistranslated and interpolated as that in the English Prayer-book, had no special claim to their regard, they proposed to omit altogether, as also the so-called Athanasian Creed. When they began their negotiations with the English primates on the conditions of consecration, one at least of the English bishops hesitated to give a sanction to these sweeping changes. The American clergy consented so far to replace the Nicene Creed, as to allow it to be used as an alternative to the Apostles' Creed, but even then, without any compulsory obligation to use it. The disputed clause in the Apostles' Creed they restored, but with the permission to omit it or to use an alternative expression.* The Athanasian Creed, with the feeling which no doubt faithfully represented all the more enlightened and Christian thought at that time, they positively refused to re-admit under any terms whatsoever. Accordingly, with the full acquiescence of the English hierarchy, that document has vanished never to return, not only from the prayer-book, but even from the articles of the American Episcopal Church. The forms of subscription which in England had operated so fatally in the exclusion of some of the best and wisest clergy of the Church at the time of the Restoration; which weighed so heavily on the consciences of many of the English clergy in the eighteenth century; and which fifteen years ago were at last happily altered in England, owing to the pressure of liberal statesmen, who had not at that time abandoned the wholesome task of reforming the Church of England, never existed in the American Episcopal Church, which thus remained an instructive example of a Church enabled to maintain itself by conformity† to its book of devotions, without the stumbling-blocks which, as Bishop Burnet foresaw long ago, are inherent in almost any form of subscription to elaborate formularies of faith.‡

* "And any Churches may omit the words HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, or may, instead of them, use the words, HE WENT INTO THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, which are considered as words of the same meaning in this Creed."

† White, 320, 362.

‡ The form of subscription is as follows: "I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

Such are the conditions under which the American episcopate was obtained from the English prelates under an act of Parliament framed for that express purpose, which whilst allowing full freedom to propagate English Episcopacy in the separated colonies, carefully guarded the English constitution in Church and State in a spirit, the vigor of which had at that time not been enfeebled. Such were the characteristic elements of the English latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century, which a Church regarded by some High Churchmen as the model of ecclesiastical perfection did not hesitate to adopt. Such were the improvements in which it had the honor of forestalling, not indeed the nobler aspirations of British theology, but the tardy and reluctant steps of recent British Anglicanism and of recent British Nonconformity. Such are the proofs of the long advance which the American Episcopal Church, as well as the English authorities in sanctioning its foundation on these conditions, had made in spiritual discernment and ecclesiastical learning beyond the prevailing prejudice which in our own day has hitherto retarded most of these obvious improvements.

The incorporation of Bishop Seabury, with his Scottish antecedents, was not accomplished without a struggle. Although he and Bishop White acted on the whole cordially together, there were those amongst the founders of the American Church who felt the danger of associating themselves with a communion so one-sided as the small nonjuring sect in Scotland.* But this was overruled. One permanent trace only of the Scottish consecration was left, the Scottish communion office. This last, however, although by ignorance and passion it has been often regarded as an approach to the mediæval views of the Eucharist, in point of fact is more Protestant, because more spiritual,† than that which the Church of

England has itself retained. With these liberal sentiments, the American Episcopal Church started upon its arduous career. Discredited by its connection with England at a time when the very name of England was hateful—small in numbers against the overwhelming proportions in which the other Churches of America had propagated themselves, it maintained with some difficulty its hold even on the Eastern States of the republic. Gradually, however, as the sentiment against England, under the genial influence of Washington Irving and the American poets, faded from view, the attractions of the revised English Liturgy won their way. From seven bishoprics it has now increased to sixty, and it has attained a place amongst the cultivated portions of American society, at least equal, and in many places superior, to that which was formerly in the exclusive possession of the Unitarian Congregationalists.

What may be the future fortunes of the American Episcopal Church it would be rash to predict. When we consider the vast numerical superiority of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and still more of the Methodists and Baptists, it is difficult to suppose that it can ever reach such a position as to entitle it to be regarded as the representative Church of the United States. But a sojourn in America somewhat disinclines a spectator to attach too much importance to vast numbers whether in the statistics of population, or money, or distance. "Size," said Professor Huxley, in addressing an intelligent and sympathetic audience at Baltimore, "is not grandeur." We are rather led to hope that there, as in the older countries of Europe, the future will be ultimately in the hands, not of the least educated, but of the most educated portions of the community, and in that portion the Episcopal Church of America will have a considerable part to play if it only remains faithful to the liberal principles on which it first started.

Berkeley, even in his day, observed of the English Church in America that all the other Churches considered it the *second best*; and when, in order to relieve themselves of the duty of paying their contribution to the dominant Church of each State, American citizens had to certify that they belonged to some other communion, the common expression was, "We have left the Christian Church, and joined the Episcopalans." That residuary, secular, comprehensive aspect which is so excellent a characteristic of the National Church of

* Granville Sharpe in England protested against the Scottish consecration (White, 312), and in America the Convention of 1786 refused to acknowledge the validity of his ordinations (Anderson, iii. 400).

† The prominence given to the spiritual sacrifice of "themselves, their souls and bodies," offered by the laity, and which in the present English Prayer-book is relegated to a subordinate place in the communion office, is, in the Liturgy of the Scottish Church, as in the First Prayer-book of King Edward, incorporated in the very heart of the Consecration Prayer, and thus gives a deathblow to the superficial, mechanical, and material ideas of sacrifice which belong to the ancient or mediæval notions of the Eucharist. The importance ascribed to the invocation of the Holy Spirit as borrowed from the Eastern Church, is less liable to superstitious abuse than the value which both the Roman and English Churches attribute to the repetition of the formula of institution.

England, is more or less true of its offshoot in the New World. It is still the Themistocles of the American Churches.

Again, although perhaps its divines and pastors have not yet acquired a European fame, it has sent forth missionaries, bishops, and clergy, who have endeavored perhaps more than the ministers of any other communion to keep pace with the rapidly increasing westward emigration, and have on the frontiers of barbarism maintained something like a standard of civilization.

And yet further, there is a powerful section of its clergy who rule its ecclesiastical congresses and fill its pulpits with a true zeal for the cause of enlightenment, inquiry, and charity, dear to all liberal Churchmen.

These circumstances may well lead us to regard the Episcopal Church of the United States, if amongst the smallest of the American communions, yet not the least important. No doubt the spirit of Bishop Seabury has at times prevailed over the spirit of Bishop White; and it has been remarked of it by a kindly Nonconformist, that its tone of exclusiveness towards other Churches is sometimes not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in England.* Still in practice it contains a body of enlightened men willing to live on equal and friendly terms with their Congregational and Presbyterian brethren, and to welcome from this country everything which tells of free thought, large sympathy, and hope for the future of humanity.

(7.) One word, in conclusion, which touches all the American Churches equally. The changes which have already taken place in their historical retrospect are such as to open a long vista in their historical prospect. The old dogma of the colonists of New England has faded away, that all "vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops were of the devil;" nor could there be now any shadow of pretext for ascribing to the Congregationalist Churches the belief that every tenth child was snatched away from its mother's side by demons in the shape of bishops.† The technical representations of the doctrine of the Trinity which Channing refused to admit are gradually giving way to the Biblical representations of it which Channing would gladly have accepted. The rigid Calvinism of

Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist.* "The pale Unitarianism of Boston," † which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally. In proportion as the larger culture and deeper spirit of the European continent penetrates the American mind, there is a hope that the more flexible forms of the American nation will open the way to the invisible influences of the invisible Church of the future; and that in that proportion all the American Churches may rise out of the provincial and colonial condition of thought which has hitherto starved their mental life. We trust that they will bear in mind the prospects held out to them by the ancient pastor who in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of Europe uttered these memorable words: "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us — yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin," he said, and we may add neither Edwards or Channing, neither Seabury nor White, "has penetrated into the whole counsel of God." They must receive as an article of the covenant both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,‡

Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host.

They will know that —

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken.

They will know that —

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

* There is in Hartford a small community called "the Old Lights," who still insist on conformity to the doctrines of extreme Calvinism; and similar isolated instances may exist elsewhere. But these are evidently exceptions.

† Wilberforce's *American Church*, p. 31.

‡ *The Problem*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From Temple Bar.

THE PROFESSOR'S NIECE.

A STUDY IN NEUTRAL TINTS.

CHAPTER I.

LEYDEN.

AMONG all the old Dutch towns, none bears a greater impress of departed glory than Leyden.

* *London Quarterly*, xlvii. 445. The candid recognition (in this Nonconformist essay) of the general excellence of the Episcopal Church of America and of its probable future is very significant.

† *Sargent's Life of Audré*, 59.

Its silent, grass-grown streets and sluggish canals, on which barges are seen but at rare intervals, but ill represent the Leyden of the Middle Ages, the rich, powerful Leyden, with its learned inhabitants, and prosperous commerce, and grand historical recollections.

Younger universities have taken her place, and Leyden is no longer of the literary importance that she was in the days when Boerhaave revolutionized medicine, and gave the lie by his practice to Molière's witty innuendoes against the professors of the healing craft, and when Heemsterhuis and Ruhnkennius, his disciple, founded a new school of philosophy.

Besides its university, Leyden boasts of historical associations of no mean order. Who has not read with delight of the bravery displayed by her citizens against the Spaniards in the two memorable sieges in the sixteenth century, and who has not admired the noble perseverance of Van der Werff, the patriotic burgomaster, who even offered his own life to his fellow-citizens to assuage their hunger, if they would only wait until Louis of Nassau could come to the relief of the town? Supplies were seasonably introduced into Leyden by the exertions of Admiral Boisot, whose brave Zeelanders wore a crescent in their hats, and this motto "*Au Turc plutôt qu'au Pape.*" The pigeon which was sent off by the admiral with instructions to the besieged to make a sortie at the moment of his attack was captured by the Spaniards, who took alarm at the idea of being between two fires. The accidental fall of a part of the town wall produced a panic, the Spaniards fled, and Leyden was for the second time delivered from her enemies.

In former days, too, Leyden was a prosperous and manufacturing town, but that too is past, and its population has dwindled to a third of what it used to be.

It owned, too, the celebrated printing-press of the Elzevir family, from which issued those dainty editions of the classics dear to students in all ages and countries.

The prosperity of Leyden received a rude shock in 1807.

Some sleepy, apathetic bargemen, conveying through the town a barge laden with thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder, utterly careless of the nature of their cargo, smoked on until a random spark falling into the hold aroused them for the first and last times in their lives.

A fearful crash ensued, the whole of the best quarter of the town was shattered, whole families were killed on the spot, no

house escaped without one or more of the inmates being more or less seriously injured.

Louis Napoleon, who was then at Amsterdam, hurried to the spot and did all that benevolence could suggest for the unhappy sufferers. His conduct on that occasion gained him the good-will of the whole country.

Far and near the fearful catastrophe excited the greatest sympathy, and the *Times* commenced its charitable exertions by sending a subscription of thirty thousand florins.

The great fame of the university has waned, its commerce is nearly gone, the ruined quarter of the town remains a desolate waste, still named "The Ruin;" no painters such as once rendered Leyden illustrious in art arise now, none take the place of Lucas of Leyden, Rembrandt, Mieris, Pieter de Hooghe, Weenix, and Otto Venius.

Leyden has long past the meridian of her glory, yet still the university is well frequented, although chiefly by natives, and all the old pomp of the academic life is maintained.

Still the melodious chimes of the Town hall hallow the birth of each half-hour, with the same musical baptism which in former days greeted the time which brought forth such noble works of meditation and genius; but the old inspiration has departed from the place, it is sombre and dreary.

Not far from the ancient buildings of the university is a wide street, where stately old elm-trees cast their grateful shade on the old red-brick houses which stand with their gables to the street, each one a more enticing study to the artist than the last. Amongst them one might be observed even more clean and prim than its neighbors.

Its finely designed gable of the sixteenth century formed the delight of many an artistic tourist, who lingered to sketch its architectural beauty, and the rich coloring of the old diaper-patterned bricks.

Besides its architectural beauties, it had an air of transcendental cleanliness and daintiness.

The woodwork of the doors and windows was as fresh and glossy as though the painter had but just finished his work, the windows gleamed with spotless purity, while the little looking-glasses affixed on either side at different angles to reflect the out-going and incoming and short-comings of the neighbors, glistened like burnished steel.

At this house, one spring morning about eight o'clock, the postman stopped and delivered a letter to a handsome young Dutch girl, who, armed with a bright brass syringe, was showering torrents of water at the lower windows.

Miekje was well worth the attention which the postman bestowed upon her, and the hasty compliment which he uttered of "*Mooi Meisje*" (pretty girl) as he handed her the letter.

Miekje was a regular Zeeland beauty, with a bright, clear complexion, large blue eyes, and a rosy mouth, which when she smiled or opened, to emit the alarming gutturals of her native tongue, revealed a set of pearly teeth. Her crisp white cap, adorned with finely plaited borders of deep lace, covered the gold plates on her head (which, according to native custom, had supplanted her hair), and stood out stiffly at the ears, so as to display her long gold earrings, while a golden bar was, by the same despotic fashion of custom, fastened so as to lie slantwise over her white forehead.

Her well-shaped figure showed to advantage in her Zeeland costume. A bright red silk handkerchief was artistically folded and crossed over her bosom, and confined in its place by a tightly fitting black satin bodice fastened with large silver filagree buttons, which were an heirloom in the family; a dainty frill of lace encircled her throat, partially concealing a large amber necklace; her sleeves ended at the elbow, giving free play to her strong plump arms; a petticoat of a solid dark material striped with purple and green, and a long wide black apron, completed her dress, with the exception of a pair of thick-soled velvet shoes, with broad, heavy silver buckles, which were laid on the carved bench outside the door until the fair Miekje should be ready to exchange them for the wooden sabots in which she performed her out-of-door work.

Leaving her well-burnished syringe in a brass-bound bucket, whose gleaming splendor might have entitled both it and Miekje to enduring fame, had any Mieris been on the look-out for a study, Miekje slipped on her grand, silver-buckled shoes, and proceeded demurely along the broad, cool passage, flagged with alternate lozenges of black and white marble.

Beyond her an open door revealed a trim garden full of verdure and blossoms.

We must follow Miekje into the presence of her master, Herr Professor Donker Curtius, the most celebrated Oriental scholar in the world.

In a charming, oak-panelled room, whose well-waxed dark oak floor was covered in places with Deventer carpets, and on whose wainscoted walls hung valuable pictures by Pieter de Hooghe and Mieris, beside sundry grim ancestors of the illustrious Donker Curtius family immortalized by the vigorous and truthful pencil of Van der Helst, sat the professor and Mevrouw Donker Curtius.

In front of them was spread out a truly national breakfast, coffee served in little bowls without handles, of beautiful blue-and-white Japanese ware, salt herrings, cheese full of aniseed, Spartan-like *Roggebrod* or rye-bread, which, both in shape and consistency, much resembled a hard Scotch peat well dried in the sun, and rusks.

If it is true that you can tell a man's character by the friends he associates with, you can also draw certain deductions from the food which he prefers, and this spare meal revealed at once the primitive simplicity and stern adherence to national manners and customs which formed a distinguishing characteristic of the learned professor.

The atmosphere of the room was the quintessence of tobacco smoke, with an admixture of hyacinth scent from the open window which opened into the garden in which the professor delighted.

The professor himself was tall and spare, angular in his movements, absent in his manners. His high wrinkled forehead, surmounted with a black velvet smoking-cap, was usually adorned with several pairs of spectacles, which in his absent moods he shoved off his eyes involuntarily, as if, like Malebranche, to exclude even the distraction of sight; when his reverie was at an end he was plunged into despair by the want of his beloved spectacles. After a futile search, never remembering that they were reposing on his forehead, he produced another pair out of one of his numerous pockets, and adjusted them on the bridge of his nose—and so it went on all day, until his forehead resembled the window of an optician.

Sometimes this occurred in his classroom at the university, causing never-ending amusement to the students, and provoking bursts of laughter and merry jokes, of all of which the learned professor was quite unobservant.

Of course at this early hour, and under the sharp eye of Mevrouw Donker Curtius, such an infraction of routine was impossible, so the professor, with but one pair of spectacles on, took the letter out of Miek-

je's hand, and began to study the contents with wrinkled forehead and abstracted air, as though he were solving a problem.

While he reads his epistle, let us glance at the professor's wife, who, having concluded her breakfast, had at once taken up her knitting, and sat calmly meditating over her domestic plans for the day. The good lady was so used to letters coming from professional friends of the Dryasdust species, letters full of quotations to be verified, scraps of Sanscrit, Chinese, or Japanese to be deciphered, that, truth to say, she was little excited by the arrival of a letter to her husband, who had as little in common with the every-day life of mortals as any mummy in the pyramids.

Mevrouw Donker Curtius was a short, stout, comely woman, very sedate, and very accurate and methodical. Her face had that peculiar square, hard look which we see in Van der Helst's portraits of the managing wives of the burgomasters, and other dignitaries of his age. She might have just walked out of a frame. Never could the idea of crumples or untidiness of any kind be associated with Mevrouw Donker Curtius. Her household management was a model of economy, she knew to a stiver how much every article cost in and out of market, and no one knew better how to drive a bargain than she did.

Her house was a mirror of cleanliness, her clothes irreproachable in old-fashioned daintiness, her eyes basilisks for dirt and disorder, and she knew to a T all the daily proceedings of her neighbors, whose proceedings she watched as they were reflected in her little telltale window-mirrors, she sitting unseen all the time, knitting rapidly in mechanical fashion, her eyes never resting on her work. She had never affected the reputation of being a learned lady; in truth, her acquirements by no means warranted any such assumption, as beyond a moderate knowledge of French she had no accomplishments to boast of. All the learning of the professor she looked upon with a mysterious awe as utterly incomprehensible and out of her sphere, while at the same time she cherished a condescending feeling of pity for the unhappy beings whose recondite pursuits made them so useless and inefficient in daily life. She never wearied of repeating the many instances in which her husband would have been taken in, and suffered grievous pecuniary loss, had not she, with her practical every-day experience, come to the rescue.

As wife, however, of one of the most distinguished professors, she took high

social ground, and was very exclusive, refusing all intercourse with the few mercantile families in Leyden, and despising all students who were not true-born sons of Holland. Strangers she could not endure, and believed that neither virtue nor wisdom existed out of the Netherlands.

In temperament cold and unemotional, she classed as folly every feeling unshared by herself; to her neutral, apathetic nature, life was little better than a human oyster-bank.

By this time the professor, having read and re-read his letter, and having delivered himself of sundry *Achs* and *Zoos*, slowly handed it to his wife.

"From Lisette," said she, opening it with much more animation than could have been expected, and proceeded to read it with an air of pleasure.

"So the dear child wishes to come to us, Cornelis?" she said, addressing her husband. "I am glad that she is tired of being in Paris—let me see, she must be eighteen, I remember she was born in the year of the great floods—of course she is to come?"

"Just as you like, Geertje," said the professor, who had taken up a large pipe and was now blowing such clouds of tobacco smoke around him that he seemed quite enveloped in mist, "as you will."

"Well, then, of course she must come; a girl with a fortune like that ought to come and settle in her own country: it would be a shame, after all your poor brother's toiling and moiling in Java, if the dear child's fortune were to be squandered away by some Frenchman; and she can be nowhere better than here, a hundred times better than in that wicked Paris, which no Christian ought to live in."

"As you will," said the professor, who had too great a respect for his wife's practical arrangements ever to dispute any of her plans.

So he went off to deliver a long and sapient lecture on the laws of Confucius, while the thrifty housewife sat down and calculated the exact expense which Lisette's board would involve, and the sum which she would need to ask for from her guardians for her expenses.

"I shall be glad to have the child with me while she is young, and teach her prudence and economy," thought the good lady, whose highest aim in life was to save half her husband's income, and then make a substantial saving out of the half which she allowed herself to spend.

She next drew out a scheme for her husband's travelling expenses, settled what

hotel he should stay at in Paris, looked out his clothes, gave orders as to their packing.

So when the professor returned home, all was in order, and nothing was left to him to arrange. He hated to go from home, but he reconciled himself to the fact, because he had long wished to examine some Japanese manuscripts in the public library in Paris, and also to meet a learned Japanese who had come to Europe to examine into the strange ways of the many lands he had heard of.

CHAPTER II.

LISETTE.

LISETTE's father, a rich Java merchant, had died many years before, leaving a large fortune to his only daughter. Her mother had died while Lisette was an infant. By her father's will, Lisette was to be educated in Paris, under the care of her mother's only sister, but at the age of eighteen she was to have her choice as to whether she chose to reside in Paris, or with her uncle, the professor at Leyden.

Lisette was a pretty little creature, small and dainty in figure, with large animated black eyes, which she had inherited from her mother, and the brilliant complexion peculiar to her father's country, and a profusion of fair hair.

Her temperament was like her face, an odd mixture of the characteristics of both nations. Full of life and gaiety like a Frenchwoman, she had a reserve of determination and perseverance, and a tenacity of purpose which proved her a true child of Holland.

She had been educated at a convent, and had left it, certainly not because she had nothing more to learn, but because she had reached the conventional age when laziness sets in for a girl and increased mental activity for a lad.

Her old French aunt, Madame Armaud, was *dévoté* to a degree, her house swarmed with priests and *sœurs de charité*, who were always coming for alms, and perpetually singing the praises of conventual life, in hopes of catching the little heiress. Their birdlime of flattery was too transparent, or else the cool, calculating side of Lisette's character entirely outweighed the emotional, for she laughed to herself at all their endeavors to lead her as they wished.

"I want to see the world," she said to herself. "I don't want to be caged up all my life, and not have the spending of my own papa's money, which he worked so hard to get for me."

The result of her cogitations was that she would avail herself of the option given to her in her father's will. She might as well try what Leyden was like. At any rate it would be a change, and at eighteen a change of scene and people is like a fresh existence.

Lisette had better motives too. Her father had adored her, and her earliest recollections were of his carrying her on his shoulder, letting her sit on his horse, which he carefully led backwards and forwards in the shade, or else holding her high above his head to snatch at the luscious fruit which excited her youthful appetite.

How merry and kind he had been! How different had been that old free life she had led with him as a child, from the dull conventional round of existence in the Champs Elysées, where everything must be done in the most *comme-il-faut* manner.

Madame St. Armaud had the strictest notions of what was proper for a *jeune fille*.

According to her ideas, young girls were to live under a rule, strict as that of a nun.

Lisette was never to go out except with her, never to read anything unless Père Théophile approved of it, never to wear anything except the simplest of toilettes, and never to have an opinion upon any subject in heaven or earth. She might embroider, play and sing, look after the parrots and lap-dogs, go a solemn drive with her in the Bois de Boulogne, and go to an occasional play in the Théâtre Français. What could a girl want more?

Lisette found it much more dull than in her convent, where she had so many companions of her own age, so after due deliberation she wrote to her uncle, claiming her right of spending a year with him.

Great was Madame Armaud's amazement that a *jeune fille* should have dared to act so independently as to write and settle her own plans, and still more surprising was it that she should wish to leave Paris for Holland. "It gave her the neuralgia even to think of that dreadful country," she said.

Still greater was her amazement when the tall, gaunt old Dutchman invaded her luxurious abode, and in quaint French, which sounded quite *temps de l'Empire*, asked her permission to take his niece back to Leyden with him.

Not even the learned Japanese professor (whose presence in Paris had mainly led to his journey) was more amazed at what he saw than Professor Donker Curtius, and

he plaintively suggested to his laughing niece that it was to him an overpowering sensation to be in a city which contained nearly two millions of people, when he had never in his life dwelt among more than thirty thousand.

The din, the glare, the bustle oppressed him; he wandered up and down the Champs Elysées and the boulevards, "alike unknowing and unknown," and would certainly have been run over had it not been for the vigilance of Lisette, who was only too rejoiced that her aunt deemed it *comme-il-faut pour une jeune fille* to go out with her uncle.

She did not spare him the task of sight-seeing, but under pretence of showing him Paris made him take her to see everything she had longed to see, but which her aunt's laziness had prevented her even beholding. She was so grateful to him for emancipating her from the dullness of her home, that she overwhelmed him with attention and caresses, and he watched her with grave amazement as a creature from another world, as, arrayed in the prettiest fashions of the day, she tripped along by his side, chatting volubly, and eagerly displaying the few Dutch sentences which she still remembered.

Lisette's pretty little cajoling ways exercised quite a charm on the solemn old professor, and he allowed himself to be ordered about as she chose, much as a great mastiff submits to the caprices of a child. Madame St. Arnaud made no opposition to Lisette's plans. Truth to say she was rather glad to get rid of the onerous burden of *une demoiselle à marier*. She was fat and lazy, and dreaded all trouble beyond that of feeding her macaws and lap-dogs. The idea of having to settle Lisette in life oppressed her so much, that she had hailed with relief the idea suggested by her confessor, that the convent would be Lisette's best destination.

It was certainly the quickest solution of the difficulty, and a scheme sure to be agreeable to the "*bon Dieu*."

Lisette's views were quite different. She was full of life, animation, and desire to know more of the wonderful world in which she was, so she by no means agreed in her aunt's view that such a plan would please the "*bon Dieu*." She was quite sure that it would not. She was delighted with her uncle, and sure that she would like her aunt and life at Leyden equally well.

The professor's time was limited, and soon the hour of departure came.

He stood amazed at the hecatomb of luggage which Lisette had collected, for

she had carried off ample provision of finery to astonish the eyes of her compatriots.

The professor thought of Geertje's marching order when they went to spend the holidays at Scheveningue.

It was without any sadness that Lisette took leave of her aunt and set off to see her fatherland.

She found that after Antwerp her journey was to be continued in dismal drives in *Snellwagens* which belied their names, as they crawled along the road, with a motion which threatened to dislocate her bones, with an occasional variation of going down a canal-like river, bordered with pollard willows, while far and wide stretched the interminable polders, all sprinkled over with windmills which drove along the sluggish waters in the ditches. Her heart failed a little at the everlasting monotony, one village resembling the other as two peas.

In those days railways had not invaded Holland. It was all new, however, and she determined to make the best of it, enjoying her new sensation of liberty, and practising her small stock of Dutch on every occasion, much to the entertainment of her uncle.

At last they reached Leyden.

Lisette won good Geertje's heart at once by her unfeigned admiration of the beautiful old house, and captivated her as she had done her old uncle by all her bright, lively ways.

It seemed as if a sunbeam had entered the calm and subdued household, and even as the sunlight evokes unseen beauties in some tranquil, homely scene, so Lisette's gay appreciation of all around her enhanced Geertje's own admiration of her dear possessions.

For the first few days, the lively girl seemed never tired of running up and down the carved oak staircase, trying to decipher the quaint mythological tales recounted on the old tapestry in the drawing-room, which was quite a museum of china and Eastern curiosities. From top to bottom of the house, Lisette left nothing unexplored, winning old Piepie's good word by the way in which she held up her hands in admiration at the sight of the spotless kitchen, the walls inlaid with blue and white glazed tiles, and resplendent with pots and pans which shone like burnished gold.

Nor did she forget to notice Miekje's picturesque dress; and when she proceeded to request the damsel to let her try on her gold plates and cap, Miekje felt

that there was nothing on earth she would not do for the lovely *Fraule* who was as gay and sportive as a kitten.

The *Kermesse* or yearly fair had just commenced, and for a whole week Lisette's eyes and ears were regaled with the most unusual sights and sounds.

Rows of snowy booths filled the Hooigracht and every space in the town where there were no canals; and crowds of peasants and their wives and children filled the town, staring at the gay contents of the booths, the costumes, the toys, and the pickles of every kind and color.

Had it not been for fear of shocking her aunt too much, Lisette would have liked to have taken her place in one of the quaint merry-go-rounds, where, mounted on rude representations of lions, tigers, elephants, and crocodiles, the peasants gyrated round and round, to the strains of a noisy band.

No place was sacred from the popular saturnalia, and even the Hooigracht, consecrated to the abode of the learned professors, was taken possession of by the merry-makers, who resorted in great crowds to the tempting little *Paviljoens* where jolly-looking peasant women, in all the glory of their best costume, stood in front of blazing fires, ladling out of large copper pans round greasy cakes called *Poppertjes*.

These fires, contained in splendid antique-shaped copper brasiers, lit up the old elms, the fantastic gabled houses, and the quaint crowd, who danced like good-humored bears, holding each other by the hand, shouting and stamping as they wheeled round and round in unceasing circles. The whole scene offered effects as strange and weird as those in the celebrated picture of the "Night Watch."

Lisette was enchanted with the strange and unaccustomed spectacle, and, to her aunt's horror, sat at the window all day long, and insisted on being taken all round the fair, returning laden with trumpery of all kinds, which she lavished on the adoring Miekje and Piepje.

"Your delight is quite childish, Lisette," said Mevrouw, reproachfully, half ashamed of a niece who insisted on seeing all the shows of the fair, the performing dog, the dwarfs and giants, and the peepshows.

"Oh, aunt, it is so nice to see people so genuinely happy. Just listen how they laugh, and how jolly they do look, to be sure — it is like a scene in 'Faust.'"

"When you have seen a *Kermesse* as often as I have, you will care less about it. I think it a most tiresome infliction: the

whole town is upside down, the maids are all put out of their usual routine; nothing is so bad for people as fairs and excitement."

"Oh no! aunt, nothing is so good for people as a little excitement; it wakes them up from their daily jog-trot. Then one sees what people really are: in everyday life there is nothing to distinguish one character from another; but let some unusual event take place, and then you see who is quick and who is slow, who is inventive and ready to meet an emergency, and who is sluggish and unimaginative."

"Lisette! Lisette, you are young, my child. When you are my age you will think very differently, and be glad that life is not all a *Kermesse*."

"But that is just what I shall never think, aunt. Of course I don't want an everlasting *Kermesse* — it would be *toujours perdrix*. I like it because it is a novelty to see such a mass of people all so merry and enjoying themselves so thoroughly. What I should like for myself, would be to lead a life that always engrossed me, always offered me fresh interests and amusements."

"Amusements are quite unnecessary, Lisette; they distract the mind from the duties of life."

Lisette shrugged her shoulders, and thought her own thoughts, which were evidently not in unison with those of her staid and demure aunt.

When the first novelty of her arrival was over, and Lisette was tired of laughing at the uncouth-looking language which turned *café* into *Koffy*, and denominated bonbons *Fliekjes* and *Hopjes*, when the dull tide of monotonous commonplace closed over her, Lisette sighed and moaned and began to think that she had made a dreary exchange from Paris to Leyden.

A whole year loomed before her. How was she to endure it? She felt herself growing as stagnant as the green ponds all overgrown with duckweed, which formed one of the features of every country house to which her aunt took her to pay solemn visits.

She tried to learn Dutch, but vowed that the gutturals excoriated her throat. She had to persevere, however, as her aunt hated speaking French.

Mevrouw Donker Curtius was sorely puzzled with the new experience she made as to character by watching Lisette. What could the girl be thinking of that she did not care about learning to cook, and could take no interest in the stores of linen which it formed Geertje's delight to

arrange and rearrange in her deep walnut cupboards?

"Cannot you wash up my tea-things? It would be so much better to do something else than play and sing all day," she suggested winningly to her niece, pointing to her best Dresden china, which formed one of the ornaments of the drawing-room.

"Are your servants too busy?" said the mischievous girl.

"Servants, indeed!" cried Mevrouw indignantly; "no servants have ever touched my best china, nor ever shall — not even Piepje. That is our Dutch fashion."

Piepje, a middle-aged woman, who had been pertinaciously rubbing up a walnut-wood table for the last hour, until her own face and cap were reflected in it like a mirror, here looked up approvingly.

"I don't see the use of doing things that any servant can do as well or better. In Holland people will have to give up these old-world practices, and cease to be so stagnant and dreamy."

"Stagnant and dreamy!" cried Mevrouw, amazed at her niece's flippancy. "Let me tell you, Lisette, that we are the busiest nation in Europe; we have more commerce than Denmark, Norway, and Sweden put together, and —"

She was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of the professor. As he was always occupied at the university at this time, Geertje was as astounded as if the sun had set and the moon had taken its place in midday.

"How, Cornelis! you here at this time?"

"Yes, I have come to tell you that there has been a message from the Hague that the queen is coming over to see the Japanese Museum this afternoon, and begs me to show her some of the newly-arrived manuscripts. I thought Lisette would like to know."

"Like to know!" cried Lisette, clapping her hands with delight — "like to go, I think. Uncle dear, you will take me, will you not?" she said, approaching her uncle with the most captivating glances.

"Of course, aunt, you will go?"

"We were never court people, niece; it is not in my way," said the demure lady; "but I have no objection to your going with your uncle."

Lisette, delighted with the prospect, darted off into the garden to ransack it for all the prettiest flowers with which she could make a bouquet to present to the queen, and hastened to apparel herself with due elegance in honor of the occasion,

to accompany her uncle to his beloved museum.

Hitherto Lisette had despised all the out-of-the-world quaint things stored up there; now that the queen was coming to look at them they acquired fresh interest in her eyes, and she listened with profound attention to the professor's lengthy exposition of Japanese literature.

At last a cry was raised by the small and patient crowd, who had gathered outside the museum, of "*Oranje Boven*" ("Up with the house of Orange!"), as a carriage, preceded by outriders, drove up to the door.

The professor advanced solemnly, with many deep bows, to receive the tall and stately queen, to whom Lisette gracefully presented her bouquet.

The queen, followed only by two ladies-in-waiting, entered the museum, and for some time gave the closest attention to all the professor had to show and tell her.

Her evident interest in all she saw charmed the old professor, who was never weary of unrolling and translating the manuscript plays, poems, and essays which he had just received, and pointing out the peculiarities of their style, and the differences between them and Chinese literature.

After thoroughly inspecting all the novelties, the queen prepared to leave, thanking, with kindly grace, the professor for all his information.

"Is that your daughter?" she said, turning to glance at Lisette.

"No, your Majesty, my niece, who has just come from Paris."

"Have you been long here?" asked the queen, with that expression of personal interest in her bright blue eyes which so endeared her to all her people.

"I have existed here two months, your Majesty," said Lisette, with a deep courtesy.

"Existed?" said the queen, with an amused smile at the pretty girl before her. "You must come to the Hague and see if you can live there, if you can only exist at Leyden."

Then turning to the professor, the queen told him it was his duty to bring his niece to a ball she was about to give. "You will come, professor; you will meet Mr. Motley, and a great many people who will interest you, and that child can dance and look pretty to please us old people."

Such an invitation could not be refused.

Lisette's heart danced with joy. She to go to a ball at the palace! How delightful! How kind of the queen to ask her! She could not, then, have been affronted

by her saying that she only existed at Leyden. It was very rude, but the expression had come to her lips without thinking—it was so true. Besides, as Lisette thought of her, there seemed to be a tinge of sadness in that clever, mobile face. Could it be that she, that noble lady, knew the sadness of a life of inaction? Could it be that in the midst of her palaces, surrounded with sights of beauty, and her ears charmed with melodious sounds, that she could ever have known the difference between life and mere existence?

Strange it is that a few words carelessly uttered, perhaps the mere impulse of a passing fancy, may affect the whole of some fellow-being's destiny, and this casual meeting with the queen, this chance invitation to a court ball, was to be the turning-point of Lisette's life.

She returned home enraptured with the queen, and could talk all the evening of nothing else than her beauty, urbanity, and captivating smiles.

Lisette's arrival had occasioned much talk in the town of Leyden. It was well known that she was a great heiress, and, beside that solid attraction, there were few who were insensible to the bright happy face and cheerful manners of the professor's niece.

All the students believed themselves over head and ears in love with her, but to none did the wise aunt open her hospitable doors except to two, Mynheer van Dam den Bouwmeester, son of a wealthy Zeeland proprietor, and Hendrik van Schoonzeppel van Laan.

The former was a phlegmatic, fair youth, destined from his cradle to be a burgomaster; the other, of a more intellectual type, a good musician, and a cheerful, clever man, frequently brought his violoncello to accompany Freule Liesje.

That evening Lisette was gayer than she had been since her arrival, and talked unceasingly about the pleasure it would be to go next week with her uncle to a ball at the *Huis ten Bosch*, the palace in the wood.

"Cornelis at a ball!" cried her aunt, holding up her hands in amazement; "that will be a change of market-days."

"And uncle shall dance with me too," said Lisette, nodding her head.

The professor paid no attention; he was smoking away vigorously, occasionally remarking between his puffs that the queen showed a great appreciation of philological difficulties, and evinced a real interest in Oriental literature which was most remarkable in a woman.

Mevrouw was quite huffy at this undigested adoration of royalty, and took refuge in stating explicitly, that neither she nor her family ever had gone out of their rank of life, nor sought to mix in court circles.

"After all, aunt, they are human beings in those circles; they cannot be so very different from other people; they laugh and cry, eat and sleep, just like common folks, and are dull too, I suppose," said Lisette.

"No good comes of leaving the state of life in which one is born," said Mevrouw, didactically; "we belong to the burghers, and I say let us keep to ourselves, and the aristocrats to themselves. They don't want us, and I am sure we don't want them."

Lisette would have made some mischievous answer had she not been interrupted by the arrival of Van Laan and Van Dam den Bouwmeester.

They were both much taken up with a plan just approved by the government for introducing railways into the Netherlands.

Lisette was charmed to hear of it. "You will all wake up then."

"Wake up?" said Mevrouw, pettishly. "What are you thinking of, Lisette?"

"Do you believe that railways do so much good, then?" asked Van Dam den Bouwmeester, stolidly.

"Of course there can be no progress without stir and animation," responded Lisette, who was very self-sufficient after basking in the smiles of royalty.

"I am doubtful of the moral effect of railways on the people," said the professor, sententiously, laying down his pipe to take a cup of coffee which his niece offered to him.

"Moral effect, uncle? What can railways have to do except with material property?" exclaimed Lisette, shrugging her shoulders.

"A great deal, my child. Look at England, how restless her inhabitants have become—men always at war with their employers, employers quarrelling with their men. Look at France, always in one revolution after another."

"So you ascribe all that to railways?" said Van Laan, with a peculiar expression of countenance.

"In a measure—certainly in a great measure. Here we live more calmly, more philosophically, we do not hurry."

"*Festina lente*," said Van Laan; "yes, we will say that is our motto, professor—we do not hurry."

"And why should we hurry?" said the pale, phlegmatic Van Dam den Bouwmeester; "when I go home to Arnhem I had much rather go by *Trekschuit*" (canal boat), "go leisurely along, peacefully smoking, and admiring the rich, green meadows and saddle cows,* having a table before me, laden with refreshments, and a comfortable sofa, on which I can lie down and sleep or smoke as I feel inclined. I had much rather travel thus than go whizzing along in that noisy, screeching train, which discomposes me to such a degree that it is hours ere I can collect my thoughts again."

"I can well believe that," said Lisette, with sly sarcasm; and she would have added, "Do you ever succeed in collecting them?" had she not been restrained by a reproving glance from her aunt, who much favored the future burgomaster, and lost no opportunity of dilating to her niece on his father's prosperity and beautiful property, and the excellent position which it gave to a woman to be a burgomaster's wife.

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the professor after a pause, during which he had been getting to the bottom of his own views on travelling. "Nothing can equal a *Trekschuit*; not only does one glide gently along, without sound or motion, but one can contemplate at leisure the interesting scenes which one passes, and recall the events of olden days, when our brave ancestors immortalized every spot with some deed of valor. It also enables one to stop at the celebrated old towns of the dear country, and behold the treasures of architecture and art which they contain. Our country has so much individuality, that it is worth while knowing it thoroughly. In other less-favored spots it may perhaps be as well to rush as tourists do from one town to another hundreds of miles off, yet even then a more leisurely survey would to my mind be more instructive. My father once took a walking-tour through the south of France, and when he came back he knew more of the country than most French people."

"No one has time nowadays for such slow work," said Van Laan.

"Ah! but, my friend, what new use do you young men of this generation make of your time that you are always complaining of having none to spare? I do not see that all this hurrying and scurrying about the face of the world, all the superficial

acquaintance with other countries and languages, profits much to any one — you lose your own individuality, you fancy you know all about other nations, and you neither know nor cultivate your own powers nor trouble yourselves to understand your own country."

"Well, sir, I will give you a proof that I do try to do something with my time. Will Freule Lisette play a duet with me?"

Lisette was quite willing, as nothing wearied her more than listening to the old professor's long-winded speeches on the degeneration of the country.

CHAPTER III.

OTTO DE HOVEN.

"RIGA, June 18.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — It is impossible for me either to increase your allowance or to advance you money. The terms of your father's will are strict, it is absolutely necessary for me, as your guardian, to adhere to them; if you cannot manage to live on your ample allowance at so quiet a post as the Hague, you must resign diplomacy, return to Courland, and either take some government office or farm your own property —"

"Never, never, most emphatically never," said a young man who was lounging in an easy-chair reading the above avuncular exordium, and smoking a cigarette.

"What's the matter, De Hoven — you seem excited, old fellow?" said the American *attaché*, Mr. Greenleaf Parrot, who sat astride on a chair, with his arms crossed on the back, contemplating with quizzical expression of countenance the rueful face of Otto de Hoven.

"So would you be if you had such an uncle as I have, such a selfish, unprincipled old miser —"

"Come, don't be too hard on the aged gentleman," said Mr. Parrot, who had taken a piece of pencil from his pocket and was whittling away with keen relish, watching the shavings light on the thick Deventer carpet.

"You would be hard if you knew what a screw he was. He actually thinks me extravagant! Now what could be simpler than this room?" Here De Hoven looked round at the remarkable pre-Renaissance furniture which adorned his *salon*, on the walls of which hung some pictures of the Cologne school, which, whether they were "priceless," as he called them, or not, had cost him a pretty price at an old Jew picture-dealer's at Bruges.

"I guess I'd sell some of that gim-

* A breed peculiar to Holland, with a saddle mark on the back.

crackery," said the prosaic American; "if you are up a gum-tree you must make the best of it."

"Sell my Henri Quatre faïence? Why, it is unique!" cried De Hoven, looking at the old black oak buffet, covered with bric-à-brac.

"Wall, then, if you won't sell, make some money."

"How?"

"Write a book."

"No one would publish it, far less read it."

"Try," was the monosyllabic advice.

"I tell you I can't. What could any one write about in this Sleepy Hollow?"

"A treatise on how they save their money here in Holland, with statistics as to the wealth of the country in the next century."

"That would be sour grapes."

"Wall — I've a notion — just get some of those 'ere grapes."

"What do you mean? I can't go in for Dutch commerce."

"No, I shouldn't take that to be your line. Suppose, now, that you look out for a Dutch heiress?"

"Thank you for nothing," said De Hoven, with a glance at a dainty and minute white satin slipper which hung against the wall in a velvet-lined niche.

"You won't make much money, just the reverse, out of those kind of acquaintances," said the downright Yankee; "and I can tell you that I doubt very much if that is the right measure of the Lorelei's foot. Her shoemaker would tell you another tale, I guess. It's all bunkum about those dancers' feet being small; they are large, and statistics go to prove that the muscles of the leg of a dancing female —"

"Don't prose, Parrot," cried De Hoven, "and for any sake don't you speak of my affairs to any one — do you hear? — I shall manage the old fellow. Let's off to the Jeunesse Dorée, and have a game at billiards."

So the two friends strolled out of the Count de Hoven's *bijou* residence in a dusky little street off the Heerengracht, and walked slowly along, criticising all they saw, until they reached the small club, which, insignificant as it looked, was yet the scene of much high play; where nightly sums, which to a prudent Dutchman seemed enormous, were won and lost by the *jeunesse dorée* of the Hague.

Otto de Hoven belonged to a rich Courland family; he had been put into diplomacy as a suitable sphere for a youth who

was good-looking, well-informed, quite capable of spending money, free from any original crotchets which might interfere with his superior's orders; in fact, the idealized realization of Chateaubriand's opinion of a model diplomat, "*Je connais cent imbéciles qui feront d'excellents ambassadeurs.*"

The spending part of the transaction he unluckily understood too well: he had a positive itch for buying things he did not require, and to be properly *cast* was the great object of his existence. He had determined to make his house a model of the style of Francis I., and had spared neither time nor expense in collecting the most comfortless and rococo of chairs, tables, and buffets, while to keep up the illusion his bed, though carved, was but a pallet. All these freaks, however, cost money, and the ominous sight of long bills to all the Jew curiosity-dealers in the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam recalled him very unpleasantly to the nineteenth century.

What was to be done? It was all very well to go on credit, but that could not last forever: the life suited him exactly, he liked roaming about, yet having a welcome everywhere, and an interest of some kind without any personal exertion, a ready-made circle of acquaintances in every capital in Europe, access to all the courts and palaces, a place at every gala.

If he gave it up, what then?

The dreariness of a Livonian country town he knew only too well, and the monotonous routine of a government official — fie! it was not to be thought of, nor was the alternative of living in his gloomy old château in the midst of a forest, looking after his property, any more cheering. And yet there seemed no alternative course before him.

Overcome with these unwelcome thoughts, which obtruded themselves on his mind, in spite of all his endeavors to banish them, he did not distinguish himself much at billiards.

"There's a ball at the palace to-night, we must be all off now," said the Italian *attaché*, Count Mirabene, who had just won his fourth game; "*au revanche* another day, *mon ami*. *Tiens!* I must tell you the news I heard from my banker, that there is to be a real live Dutch heiress at the Huis ten Bosch to-night."

"Weights sixteen stone, eh?" suggested Mr. Drawley, the English *attaché*, whose permanent joke was that all Dutchmen and Dutchwomen resembled his old nursery traditionary knickerbocker.

"*Tiens, qu'il est drôle celui-là*," said one of the French *attachés*, shrugging his shoulders; "*mon ami*, your wit is as heavy as yourself. I have seen this young lady. She is a compatriot of mine. I will not have her spoken of in this way."

"So-o, is that the way the wind is?" whispered Herr Triplewitz, an Austrian secretary of legation, to De Hoven as they left the club. "Depend upon it we shall see Comte Alphonse de Rougé distinguish himself this evening."

The Huis ten Bosch seemed like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, after the arrival of the prince, as it was approached that night through the leafy avenues of the *Bosch*. Lights gleamed in all directions from the tastefully arranged illuminations.

"I guess the wood seems full of lighting-bugs to-night," was the view expressed by Mr. Greenleaf Parrot to Mr. Drawley as they drove rapidly along in his light hickory-wheeled trap.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Drawley in surprise.

"Don't you know that's what we denominate what you Britishers call fireflies? And I reckon one name is by far the most suggestive of the two."

As it was the great *fête* of the Hague, on occasion of the queen's birthday, the wood swarmed with happy crowds. Large family parties strayed about in pairs through the narrow paths which traversed the tangled mazes of the undergrowth, or gathered round the band to enjoy the cheerful music and to drink coffee or *Schnaps*, while awaiting the display of fireworks which closed the gala.

It was a lovely evening in the wood, but still more lovely in the palace gardens, where the air was laden with the scent of flowers, and the walks were enlivened by the presence of gaily dressed and merry groups.

Within the old palace all was brilliancy and gaiety; the round painted hall, where Monmouth had danced and where two Marys of the English royal house had held their court, was crowded with both foreigners and Dutch people, and in the babel of tongues one could distinguish here and there a sharp sarcasm or a graceful compliment.

"Whom is the queen speaking to?" asked De Hoven of one of his friends. "That's a new face, I have never seen that girl."

"Freule Donker Curtius."

"What an awful name! Who is she?"

"The Dutch heiress," said Count Alphonse de Rougé, "whom I told you of.

I am proud of my little compatriot: she is well dressed, and has quite an air *distingué*."

"Not bad-looking for an heiress," said De Hoven, as he scanned the little face and figure which surmounted (according to the fashion of those days) a perfect haystack of white gauzy material.

"I will make Rosencrantz, my banker, introduce me. He knows that quaint old gentleman to whom the queen is talking now, and he is the heiress's uncle."

In a small court circle a novelty is at once detected, and every one asked who were the two strangers, the tall old gentleman who seemed as if walking in his sleep, and the fresh, little, bright-eyed damsel who stood beside him.

Lisette and her uncle were not by any means put into quarantine and isolated as might have been the case in a country with a more advanced civilization; on the contrary, many of the courtiers who had studied at Leyden hastened to pay their devoirs to the old professor, and Lisette had soon an *embarras de richesse* of partners.

"Allow me to present my friend Count Otto de Hoven," said the good-natured French *attaché*.

Lisette curtsied and looked up at the strangest face she had ever seen—a clever, irregular face, with large blue eyes, which looked around with keen, sarcastic glances.

"Will you do me the honor of dancing this quadrille?"

Lisette agreed, and when the quadrille ended assented to a stroll in the garden.

"All this amuses you very much, I suppose," said the count.

"Of course it does. It is delightful. I wish it would never end."

"A young lady's beau-ideal of life—balls, flowers, and nonsense."

"You are very severe, Monsieur le Comte," said Lisette; "but you do not live as I do among awfully wise people—in fact, unless you had lived at Leyden you could not enjoy this ball as I do. I am like a prisoner out on leave."

"Is Leyden so very dreadful?"

"Hopelessly dull."

"Of course that is the most terrible condemnation a place could have in your eyes?"

"Well, I think so; dulness means stagnation of the wits."

"What heresy to speak so of Leyden the learned," said the count with a smile; "and I suppose you have lived there all your life?"

"Oh no! I was brought up in Paris, and the change is simply terrible. Here

at the Hague it may be different, but at Leyden every one lives and moves as if by clockwork."

"You should grow very wise there. I advise you to immerse yourself in the study of the Chinese language."

Lisette laughed.

"By-the-bye, there are some museums and things of that sort at Leyden?"

"Oh, plenty."

"Will you show them to me if I come over there?"

"Certainly not, Monsieur le Comte." Lisette looked displeased and dignified. "We do know what manners are, even at Leyden."

"Then I am never to have the pleasure of seeing you after to-night?"

"I do not suppose that I shall become invisible to the naked eye."

"You stay here then, mademoiselle?"

"Perhaps for a few days. My uncle has given himself a holiday, and I am going to teach him to amuse himself—an art which he has never acquired during his sixty years of existence."

"He should make rapid progress under such a teacher. Tell me how you mean to conduct the course of instruction?"

"Of course I forbid all books. He has lived what he calls such a very 'subjective' life, that I am determined to make it more 'objective' by taking him to see everything there is to be seen. By-the-bye, is there a theatre here?"

"Yes, a pretty good one. May I offer you my box?"

"You are too kind; but look, he is beckoning to me. What can he want? I must go."

On approaching the queen, to whom the professor was talking, Lisette heard that she was to give a detailed account of some Chinese funeral rites she had witnessed, as a child, in Java.

Lisette related her experiences with an ease and simplicity which charmed the queen, and still more so the young Count de Hoven.

"I almost wish she had no money," he said to himself as he drove away from the palace. "She is the nicest little girl I ever saw; so fresh and simple, and yet so piquant and gay. Now, of course, if I do try to make up to her, they will all say it is the money which has attracted me. I wish that I had kept my own counsel. How absurd I am! I have only seen this pretty child once, and I am making as sure of her taking me as if I had but to ask. I can but try, and I shall, indeed, be a lucky dog if I succeed."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SZEGEDIN.—PERSONAL NOTES.

EARLY in March news reached Buda-Pesth of impending floods in the Theiss valley of a serious and exceptional character. During the past winter more snow had fallen all over the country than is generally the case even in Hungary, while at the same time the cold had been less than usual. At Buda-Pesth, though the Danube was covered with drift-ice, it had never been completely frozen over. We may assume, therefore, that the snow lay, not in its usual consolidated and frozen state, but lightly packed, so to speak, and ready to melt at the first thaw. Unfortunately, in February a marked, and, for the time of the year, very unusual rise in the temperature took place, accompanied by torrents of rain. The whole eastern bend of the Carpathian horseshoe, which is in fact the watershed of the Theiss and its tributaries, poured down its thousand streams into the great Hungarian plain; and fears were entertained of inundations as serious as those in the spring of 1876, when the capital itself was threatened by the rise of the Danube.

During a residence of five years in Hungary, I have had some notable experiences of storms and floods. The first phenomenon of the kind which I witnessed was the remarkable storm of the 26th of June, 1875. On that occasion a waterspout burst on the mountains behind Buda, and together with wind and hail destroyed a considerable amount of property in the town and neighborhood, causing also the death of nearly sixty people. The fury of this storm was far exceeded by the catastrophe which occurred on the last night of August 1878, at Miskolcz and Erlau, in the north-east of Hungary.

Buda-Pesth has experienced no less than fourteen inundations in this century; the most disastrous being that of 1838, which destroyed some four thousand houses and caused great loss of life. Of some incidents in the alarming inundation of 1876 I will speak later, merely observing here, that though the worst was averted, and the capital escaped almost by a miracle, yet the destruction of property which did take place involved serious loss and great misery. Something like twenty thousand people were houseless and homeless for several weeks. The possible recurrence of such an event must at all times cause the gravest anxiety.

With full knowledge of the dangerous behavior of these great rivers, and the ter

rible havoc their waters are capable of inflicting, it will not be wondered at that the public mind became greatly excited as each day more and more alarming news reached us from the Theiss valley. It was in this condition of mind that I left my house in the fortress of Buda on Sunday morning, the 9th of March, to seek the latest intelligence at the club in Pesth. On my way thither I encountered Lieutenant Zubovics, whose name is well known to many in England by his swimming feats over the Danube, Thames, and Seine on horseback, and for his ride for a wager from Vienna to Paris. Lieutenant Zubovics at once informed me that the last news from Szegedin was so alarming that he had determined to organize a volunteer life-saving corps to render assistance in case of need; and he proposed to start that same night, as no time was to be lost. Having enrolled myself in the corps, we went down to the lower quay in search of the captain of one of the Francis Canal Towage Company's steamers, who had orders to place all the rowing-boats he could spare at our disposal. When we found the captain he set to work immediately to give us every possible assistance; but we were in a difficulty about getting the boats conveyed from the Danube to the railway station, which is a long way from the river. This being Sunday afternoon, everything was shut, and we could get no men, much less obtain conveyances to transport the boats, which, it may be remarked, were heavy river-boats. So in the end we gave orders for these to follow us by a later train. As it turned out, we requisitioned fourteen of the pleasure-boats on the lake in the Stadtwäldchen, which is not far from the railway station. Our small corps of six now separated, half were sent round the town to enlist friends, the others being left to busy themselves about the necessary preparations for getting together the life-saving apparatus, torches, and other things requisite for the possible emergency. We had settled to meet at the Redoute by eight that night for final arrangements before starting by the ten o'clock train for Félegyháza. By the evening the volunteer corps had increased to fourteen in number, but what with one thing and another we found it difficult to get everything settled in time; in fact we only got off by a later train, and did not arrive at Félegyháza before eleven o'clock on the morning of the 10th of March.

We had, of course, started from Buda-Pesth in the dark, and when daylight

dawned we found ourselves travelling over the vast plain or *alföld* which is the peculiar feature of Hungarian geography. Roughly speaking, the plain is enclosed on three sides by the Carpathian Mountains, with the Danube for a boundary on the fourth side. In prehistoric times, this part of the world was far different in aspect: what is now the richest grain-producing district in Europe, was in former times the bed of an inland sea or series of great lakes. These plains, overspread by sand, gravel, and by a kind of rich mud, or by alluvial deposits underlain by freshwater limestones, "may be considered as having been formed," says Professor Hull, "beneath the waters of a great lake during different periods of repletion or partial exhaustion, dating downwards from the Miocene period. It is also necessary to recall the fact that the *only* issue which the Danube and the tributary waters of all the Hungarian rivers now find in the magnificent gorge of Kasan, was in the pre-historic period barred by an unbroken mountain-chain. "The waters seem to have been pent up several hundred feet above the present surface, and thus thrown back on the plains of Hungary." M. Reclus says, "Les défilés par lesquels le Danube, grossi de la Tisza (Theiss), de la Temes, et de la Save, s'échappe de la plaine hongroise à travers le mur transversal des Carpates, offrent un aspect des plus grandioses." Later on we shall have occasion to refer to this question of the exit of the Hungarian waters.

In recalling the *drame géologique*, we must take into account the interesting fact that the inland sea or lake which covered the Hungarian plain was bordered by a chain of active volcanoes, vomiting forth masses of "trachytic and basaltic lava and tuff." But in the course of ages the volcanic fires have died out, and the waters of the lake have been drained, leaving a rich heritage to mankind. The bed of the old sea comprises an area of thirty-seven thousand four hundred square miles, mostly consisting of what is called *tiefland* or deep land, and so rich that the merest scratchings of the plough can, without skill or labor, produce crops almost unequalled in quantity and variety elsewhere.

The first view of the plain is depressing in the extreme. You behold a level, featureless, interminable stretch of earth, with the heavens above and around you, like the folds of a vast tent; where neither hill nor forest throws any shadow, and where the pathway of the sun is visible from the

rising up to the going down thereof. This great plain has been aptly called *une mer terrestre*; and under certain atmospheric conditions the illusion is complete. It appears even like the sea itself rippled by green-wave furrows, or calmed into utter stillness by wide-spreading level mists that meet the sky-line. Dreary as the plain may seem to the stranger, it is a place beloved by the native with an attachment equal to the Switzer's love for the Alps. The shepherd of the lonely *pussta* has no more thought of wandering away from the dear familiar scene than has the forest tree which is rooted in the earth. This district is in fact the cradle of the true Magyar race, where are still to be found unchanged the language, customs, folklore, and the traditions of this singular people, who, though but a handful, have made their mark on history. "The Magyar shall never perish out of the world" is a saying amongst them. It is a striking fact that in no part of Europe is there a stronger feeling evinced for territorial possession than in Hungary. The Hungarian peasant holds to the land as a part and parcel of himself. "Land is perpetual man," says the old Irish law. A similar notion is latent in Hungarian patriotism, especially in the case of the peasant; for he believes in the land with something of the old pagan worship. It was owing to this intense feeling for home, and for their own little plot of ground, that brought about some of the most touching scenes in the terrible catastrophe which I am about to describe. Nor is this feeling for the soil merely sentimental; as a matter of fact, nearly a third of the land in the kingdom of Hungary is in the possession of peasant-holders. It is worthy of remark that the purchase of land is much facilitated for small buyers by the advanced state of the land-laws in Hungary. The transfer of land is easy and inexpensive, and the registration of titles to estates has completely obtained in this country.

In Prince Bismarck's recently published "Letters," he describes travelling some twenty years ago from Vienna to Budapesth, and expresses his surprise at not falling in with a single Englishman: he adds that the English, he believes, have not yet found out Hungary. During the two decades which have passed, we have, it is true, become more familiar with the country of the Magyars; but even now the ordinary traveller has little more knowledge of Hungary than he can gain in a brief sojourn at the capital, for he rarely penetrates into the interior. It is for this

reason I have given this slight sketch of the dwellers in the Theiss valley, who, like their neighbors the Transylvanians, may be said to inhabit an odd corner of Europe.

Though I knew many parts of the great plain pretty well, I had myself never visited Szegedin. I had passed it more than once in the railway; but I really knew nothing of the place beyond the fact that it was considered the second city in the kingdom; and further, that the inhabitants bore an excellent character for thrift, industry, and love of progress. On this particular morning, when travelling towards the doomed city, I was glad to seek information from my companions, and I learned that the town contained over seventy thousand inhabitants. The special industries of Szegedin, I was told, were in connection with soap, mats, shoes, *paprika*, and rope-making. The flour-mills had been doing very well: one flour company of Szegedin had been paying over twenty per cent. to its shareholders for some years past. My informant mentioned that the last time he had been at the place was in the autumn of 1876, when there was a very interesting exhibition of natural productions and manufactured articles. It was one of those smaller shows, which in their local way have honorably followed the example set by the International Expositions. My friend went on to say that the people of Szegedin were most energetic about all educational matters. The largest building in the town is the schoolhouse—a good sign always. I saw it later, an imposing structure of four stories, the highest in the whole place; and, as it turned out, it was a very ark of refuge for the poor drowning people, saving hundreds of lives.

Szegedin, it seems, is not without some historical associations. In the dreary time when the Turks had possession of a great part of Hungary, and threw civilization back at least three centuries, they established themselves strongly at Szegedin. They built there a considerable fort, which is a feature in the present town. The encroachment of the Theiss is shown by the fact that one of the Turkish towers is now completely surrounded by water. The Romans, too, probably had a colony on the same site, for a great quantity of Roman remains have been found in the immediate vicinity.

The inhabitants of Szegedin are principally Magyars, but no part of Hungary is free from admixture of other races; and there is a large infusion of Servs, Slavs, Germans, and Jews. I learnt subsequently

that the numbers in the town had been increased within the last week by not less than ten thousand souls. The inhabitants of the drowned villages and outlying hamlets had come into the town for shelter.

My friend mentioned that his father, who had taken part in the war of Hungarian independence, had spent six weeks at Szegedin in 1849, when the revolutionary government retreated from Buda-Pesth and made this place the seat of the National Assembly. General Perczel, with sixty thousand men, was stationed here, but there was no question of making a stand at Szegedin. These were the closing scenes of that noble struggle—the day of Világos was nigh at hand, the saddest scene in all the long tragedy of Hungarian history.

But no more conversation or reminiscences now, for the train has arrived at the station of Félegyháza, and we are all up and stirring. At this place we found a special train waiting to convey ourselves and our baggage down to the point of the railway where the lines ran into the water, some four miles further on. On leaving Félegyháza the floods were on both sides of the railway embankment, and we soon came to the spot where the train could go no further—in fact the wheels of the locomotive were already in water. It was "Water, water everywhere"—it might have been the old prehistoric sea that we looked upon, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. In less than half an hour everything was ready, the boats were afloat, and we were prepared to start. It was a curious sight: our train, consisting of an engine with half-a-dozen trucks, had been run out on the already submerged strip of earth, and stood reflected in the water; the long line of telegraph poles marking the track of railway towards Szegedin becoming less and less distinct. As the crow flies the town stood some six miles off; but it resembled a mirage rising from the lake, rather than the solid reality that it then was. Before we finally got off, a good breeze arose, and our boats, moored to the embankment, were bumped about pretty freely by the waves. Having manned seven of the boats with two men each, we thought first of proceeding direct to Szegedin, but after a short consultation we determined to visit several of the inundated villages to see if we could afford any assistance. Accordingly we rowed off in procession towards a small village which we noticed to our left, just visible above the waste of waters. On approaching we found it was entirely at the mercy of wind

and waves; the ruined houses were breaking up visibly before us, the rough wind helping the destruction. The surface of the flood was covered with remains of roofs, floors, and rafters. We rowed round about with necessary caution, and at last with some difficulty managed to enter what must have been the principal street of the village. We passed by this water-way between two lines of ruin. Here and there were portions of buildings which had withstood the flood more bravely than the others; here the gable-end of a cottage with its chimney-stack, and there, higher than the rest, there remained the section of a house, standing up as it were a witness against the cruel flood. The waves were beating at its basement, but above in the little upper story were seen pots and pans still hanging on hooks on the wall. I noticed also some pictures of saints, and a portrait of poor Batthiányi, who met his cruel death at the hands of the Austrians in 1849. His portrait, by the way, may be found in nearly every Hungarian hovel.

After giving a sharp lookout for any poor soul in need of help, amidst the tufts of ruin or floating *débris*, we came to the conclusion, or at least we hoped, that the villagers had saved themselves by timely flight; for there were no living things to be seen, except two or three cats, and a good many fowls, on the open rafters which still spanned the waters. I counted more than a dozen guinea-fowl on a hay-rick, which, strange to say, had resisted the waves. Even during our short tour of inspection, the wind had driven such a mass of wreckage across the way we had come, that it was difficult to steer back through the floating heaps of furniture, doors, window-frames, and rafters, the latter sticking up here and there like dangerous snags. Far and near the surface of the water was covered with hay, straw, and the stalks of Indian corn; utter havoc everywhere.

After leaving this village, we turned our boats in the opposite direction. Crossing the railway embankment, we made for the town of Dorozsma, which we knew was submerged. This was a place of nearly ten thousand inhabitants. We rowed for more than an hour before we reached the vicinity of the town, but we were completely baffled in our attempts to approach nearer: a long dike, now covered by a few inches of water, barred our entrance. This dike, we learned afterwards, had been erected by the inhabitants during the previous week, in order to keep back the

encroaching flood; but two days before our visit, the waters had mastered their defence, and poured over the barrier. After running aground several times on this mud-bank, we gave up all attempts to get closer to a group of houses that were still standing, and made straight for Szegedin.

We had got out of our course, so we had still a good hour's pull before we could reach our destination. We were in much doubt and anxiety as to the state in which we should find the town, for the waters were pervading and increasing everywhere. After we had recrossed the submerged railway, we perceived in the distance a long black line trending away to the left, which had somewhat the appearance of a great sea-snake stretched out on the waters. It soon, however, became apparent to us that this was a dike—in short, the last rampart of defence for unhappy Szegedin—against the devouring flood. In the background, or rather I should say in the rear of the dike, were visible the spires and roofs of a large town. At last, after rowing through an immense amount of floating *débris*, which impeded our progress at every moment, we arrived at the long black strip of earth, and found it crowded with thousands of people in a state of unresting activity. Men, women, and children were busied bringing up earth, as fast as hands and feet could work. We moored our boats to the long white piles that had been driven in to strengthen the embankment, and stepped ashore with the utmost care, in order not to displace the loose earth on that weak and frail construction. On landing, we found to our astonishment that the fall on the inner side of the dike was from fifteen to twenty feet; and the greater part of Szegedin itself was standing on a level as low, or nearly so. The situation of affairs was simply appalling! My first thought was the utter hopelessness of keeping back such a sea of waters by this narrow strip of earth. The wind had been steadily rising since the morning, and the waves were already beginning to beat with considerable force against the outer side of the dike: the flood, I must observe, was already five feet above the original level of the railway embankment. The defence that the inhabitants of Szegedin were now making was, in reality, a second dike, raised on the substructure of the railway, extending about four miles in length. It was touching in the extreme to see these hundreds of busy workers; such a motley group as are not often found side by side,

—master and servant, the well-dressed citizen, the scantily-clothed Slav, the poor women, and even the little children—all plying to and fro with their burdens. The men wheeling loaded barrows up the steep incline, the women struggling up with their market-baskets filled with earth; the strong, the weak, all alike bent on the one object—this struggle for dear life against those whelming waters. It wanted but a few inches, and the overmastering flood would have its way; still the poor people were not without hope. For twenty-four hours the water had not risen: this was a good sign, and the brave multitude took heart of grace, and hour after hour, day and night, the steady work went on. I was greatly impressed by the quietness and order which was maintained throughout; a state of things which reflects infinite credit on the townspeople generally.

It is true that Szegedin was really in a state of siege, and the inhabitants under martial law. A few days previous to our arrival, the danger of inundation had become so obvious, that General Pulz, the commander of the troops stationed in the town, numbering about two thousand, had issued orders that all the inhabitants were liable to be called out to work on the dike; and the orders were to be obeyed on pain of death. Companies of soldiers went out from time to time and marshalled the townspeople in batches of one hundred and fifty each, bringing whatever available implements they might have with them. When they arrived at the dike, they were set to work at once on a certain section, where they remained for six hours at a stretch. When the time of duty was over, they received tickets from the commanding officer, stating that they had done the work required; they were then permitted to return home, and were not liable for service again for another twenty-four hours. This had gone on for some days before our arrival. I noticed that some six thousand people were thus engaged the evening when I first saw the place. I walked nearly two miles along the dike on this occasion. Everywhere the same scene met my eyes: the turbulent waters washing against the long row of white piles—the poor people working and toiling. Earnestly, almost silently, the steady work went on, as if they had been part of a trained and disciplined army. I may here remark, to the honor and credit of the people, that in the subsequent disaster, only ten arrests were made at Szegedin during several days.

I must here pause to explain that the

flood-water, extending over hundreds of square miles, was some three feet above the level of the river Theiss. The dike keeping back this vast mass of water was in the rear of the town, the Theiss being on the other side. As yet the flood-waters had no direct communication with the river. The reason of this is as follows: The Theiss is hemmed in, higher up the stream, by high embankments on both sides. This regulation of the river I shall enlarge upon further on—we are now simply occupied with the bare facts. It was the bursting of one of these embankments on the Szegedin side of the river, about twenty miles further up stream, that first placed the town in danger; the waters thus pouring down upon the lower level, burst a second dam, situated eight miles above the town. An immense area of country was thereby flooded in an incredibly short space of time, and the irresistible waters now poured on and on, till they reached the opposing dike, which was Szegedin's last hope. The gravity of the position was only too evident. I turned from the busy scene on the dike with a heart-sinking sense of despair. Leaving our boats and their contents under the charge of an officer, we hastened into the town to report our arrival to the burgher-master. We directed our steps to the town hall, a building of some architectural importance. A tower springs from its centre, which probably looked down upon the Turks during their occupation of the place. On entering we were ushered into a fine old room of considerable dimensions; on the walls, and ranged under the black-raftered ceiling, were hung a number of silk flags, the ancient insignia of the city's power and dignity. Here Kossuth uttered his last address to the National Assembly in 1849, and now, after a lapse of thirty years, the aged patriot speaks again to the townspeople, though from afar. He says in his recent letter of sympathy to the emperor—which, by the way, buries the party rancor of a lifetime—"Szegedin must live; Szegedin must not be lost."

But I anticipate. At present the aspect of this lofty council-chamber is sad and troubled enough. The carved tables and the high-backed chairs, which were wont to seat the worshipful burghers, have been pushed away, huddled together without care, to make room for rows of mattresses for the fugitives who had come in from the neighboring villages.

We received a hearty welcome from the burgher-master, more especially as one of

our number, M. Gerster, is a director of the Francis Canal Towage Company, and he was no stranger in the town. It was by his order that the steam-tug "Czongrad" had been sent to Szegedin to wait our arrival. M. Gerster placed the steamer at the disposal of the authorities; and it was after some consultation with them that we agreed to make an expedition the following morning up the Theiss to render help to a party of four hundred workmen, who were believed to be isolated by the waters, and in danger of their lives. This plan of course depended on all going on well through the night.

After the interview with the authorities at the Város-ház, I walked about the town for a couple of hours to take note of the situation. In the lower parts, the people were much occupied in plastering up the house doors, or even building them in with mud and bricks. This was perfectly useless; for when the water was once in the town, it was forced up through the drains, and frequently filled the houses from inside, and burst outwards from the pressure of water. In looking about, I was very much surprised to see only three pontoons and two or three boats ready in case of emergency in the streets. I believe there were others at the railway station, but certainly I saw only these scanty preparations in the town itself. Before turning into my quarters for the night, I walked out once more to the dike. It was a very picturesque sight: hundreds of flaring torches and camp-fires lit up the edge of the black waters; the whole surface of the flood was restless and agitated, the waves beating visibly against the long line of defence. I left the scene with anxious forebodings, fearing what might happen in the night—for the storm was getting worse, and the wind blew right on the embankment.

On awaking by daybreak the next morning, it was an intense relief to find that the storm had somewhat abated; and further, it was satisfactory to know that there had been no rise whatever in the water during this anxious night. After a hasty breakfast, we made our way to the river-side, and joined our good friend, Captain Hadszy of the "Czongrad," who had already "steam up" and everything prepared for our expedition.

Shortly after leaving the town, we steamed into a wide expanse of water, no land visible except the river dike on our left: this had been cut some way further up to allow the flood-waters—which, as I have before explained, were higher than the river level—to escape into the river,

and lessen the danger that threatened Szegedin. This cutting, about a hundred yards in length, produced so strong a current of influx water, that we could hardly make way against it. It must be evident that, had the river level only been, say, a couple of feet lower, the relief to the flooded district would have been immense. Unfortunately, at its debouchure, the Theiss has a sandbar which retards its outflow into the Danube. It is necessary to note this fact for further consideration. Passing on our way, we came to the unfortunate village of Tapé, likewise on our left side. This place had over two thousand inhabitants, and was renowned for its flourishing industries. It had been completely submerged. It was simply an obliterated ruin; nothing but the church was now standing. The river embankment in front of the village was high, and from sixty to eighty feet broad. Here were collected a number of the inhabitants—several hundred souls; and there were a good many besides in some barges moored to the dike further down. The poor creatures on the dike were encamped with such of their household goods as they had been able to save. The scene was piteous in the extreme. Every inch of this perilous ridge was occupied; some people were even standing half in the water. There were weeping mothers with babes at the breast; children of all ages sobbing aloud; sick people placed carefully on tables to be above the reach of the waters; and all sorts of goods and chattels stacked in heaps, the last remnants of many a happy home. The barges I have alluded to were mostly full of the aged and sick; they held up their hands in gestures of despair. These poor creatures had been subsisting for days on stale bread and Indian corn. We took them all the fresh food we could possibly spare from the steamer; but we could not have taken a tithe of them on board, even had not our duty obliged us to go to the rescue of others in more urgent need.

We pursued our course up the river, and met with the same sad sight as far as the eye could reach—an islet of ruin here and there marking the site of what was once a village or hamlet. I remarked a large building sticking out of the waters, many miles to the left. This turned out to be the castle of Count Pallavicini, who owns one hundred and seventy thousand acres along the Theiss valley.

It was far on in the afternoon before we reached the island where the workmen had taken refuge. They were in extreme

danger, for the ground was melting away visibly from under them. We had not come a moment too soon. They were huddled up together with their spades and wheelbarrows, strong, stalwart men, but powerless as infants against the all-pervading flood. Poor fellows, their faces were lit up with joy when they saw us come to rescue them. We anchored as near as possible, and commenced taking them off as fast as we could with our one boat. It took some while longer than I should have thought, and the setting sun warned us there was no time to be lost. The sun went down in great beauty, dipping into the cruel waters, and throwing back an effulgent glow that lit up that scene of desolation with a terrible loveliness. When the great red ball had sunk beneath the sea of trouble, and the last hues of exquisite coloring had faded from wave and sky, I felt somehow that hope itself had departed to the underworld. The wind now rose again, whistling drearily, and in the chill, grey twilight we made our way back with all speed to Szegedin.

It was quite dark when we reached the town: nothing remarkable had transpired in our absence. The state of affairs remained much the same as in the morning, neither better nor worse.

As we had got back rather late, it was after ten o'clock before we had finished our supper at the restaurant in the town. Every time the outer door was opened, a gust of wind shook the whole house—the storm was rising again worse than last night. The misery we had seen that day made us all very silent and thoughtful. The outlook for the night, with that dismal howling close to our ears, was not comforting. Would it be possible to keep back the flood yet another twelve hours, or at least till daylight dawned?

For a few seconds at a time there would be perfect stillness, then the wind came down the street with a rush and a roar that made one start. Each blast that blew was fiercer than the previous one, and the wind came with fatal precision from the very point most dangerous to the safety of our last ramparts.

Some officers, who had been on the dike all day, were seated at our table. We had spoken a few words together, but they could not tell us anything more than we all knew. Suddenly the door was thrown open—a soldier, breathless with running, entered, and, saluting his officer, cried out, "All is over, the waters are coming."

We rushed into the street, on towards the town hall, but the excitement was so

great, that it was impossible to push through the crowd and effect an entrance. A company of soldiers were guarding the door, trying in vain to keep the people back. Numbers were flying from the lower part of the town, some trying to drag their household goods with them, others terror-stricken seemed only to think where they might be safe, crowding where there was a crowd.

Finding it was not possible to get into the town hall, I thought I would see what was really happening at the dike; and with this view, I turned towards the long street that leads to the *alföld* railway. The wind blew with such blinding force up the street that I had great difficulty in making my way against it.

When I had got half-way, I met an officer, whom I knew, coming straight from the dike. He told me immediately that it was a false alarm, and that, up to that moment, the rampart was intact, but how long it could be maintained in the teeth of such a storm he knew not. As it was, the waters splashed over in some places from the force of the wind, and the torches were blown out; so the soldiers and others had to work in darkness.

I walked back towards the town. People were rushing about in every direction, and cries and lamentations mingled with the whistling and howling of the storm: it was a regular panic. The authorities had much difficulty in calming the people, and in making them believe that the report of the breaking of the dike was a false alarm.

It was nearly midnight, when I threw myself, without undressing, on a sofa in my room at the hotel. I must have dropped off to sleep at once, for I was not conscious of anything till I found myself awakened by the tolling of a loud bell. I started up, and then the warning sound of three successive cannon-shots gave the signal of distress. I struck a light, and just made out that it was three o'clock, when the candle was blown out by the draught, the window-frame rattled and shook again; so I knew directly that the wind had not gone down. I got on my overcoat, and was making my way out of the hotel, when the gas went out, and the whole town was in utter darkness. Hurrying into the street, I found it filled with people, flying in the direction of the river embankment, which was known to be high and strong. By this time the storm had increased to a perfect hurricane, adding much to the general bewilderment, for the torches were perpetually blown out. The

townsfolk seemed as unprepared and panic-stricken as if the catastrophe had not stared them in the face for days.

Throughout the town the church bells were tolling the knell of the doomed city; but one could only hear the dismal warning now and then when there was a lull in the shrieking storm. I was told that, in one quarter of the town, the signals of distress were never heard at all, owing to the noise and fury of the wind. The darkness—the uncertainty as to where the danger was greatest—the unreasoning struggles of the people—all added to the dire confusion of this awful night. I had been running in the direction of the town hall, but had not gone far when I was met by the oncoming waters. I was knee-deep in the flood at once; and not daring to go on, I turned and fled with all speed in the direction of the river dike. It was well for me that I had not lost my bearings. I knew that if I could gain the river dike I should be all right; for I could communicate with my friends on board the steamer. Reaching the embankment, I found it so crowded that there was barely standing-room. I was able to grope my way to the steamer, and when on board I found that the captain, M. Gerster, and several of the volunteers, had at once started with boats on a life-saving expedition. There was already water enough in the town to float the boats.

The day never dawned upon a sadder scene than that which met our eyes when the light revealed to us in its full extent the calamity that had overtaken the city. Houses were falling in every direction,—the rising waters seemed to saw the foundations from under them; and they melted away in the flood, or toppled over with a crash. When it was sufficiently light, I set off for the telegraph office to report events to London. Fortunately the telegraphic wires were in working order; indeed through the whole week there was only one day of interruption, thanks to the energy of the officials. The office is situated rather higher than most of the town, and when I entered, the flood had not yet reached this level. I went to an upper room to write my telegram, which occupied some time, owing to irregularities caused by the general confusion of everything. When I came down-stairs, with the intention of finding my way back to the steamer, I discovered that the flood had overtaken me, even in that short time, and there was already a depth of three feet of water in the street. I saw clearly that there was no time to be lost, so I plunged

in; but just at that moment a country cart passed the door,—the poor horses were doing their best to keep their noses out of the water. I hailed the driver, and offering him a good *backsheesh*, got him to transport me to the Hotel Hungarian, which, together with some half-dozen neighboring houses, occupied the only dry spot in the whole town. I found every room and passage of the inn crowded with fugitives. From thence I made my way again to the river embankment, which was but two hundred yards from the hotel. Reaching the spot where the "Czongrad" was moored, I found that my gallant friends had already been doing good work. The captain and his little band had been backwards and forwards into the town taking off the unfortunate people from dangerous places that were cut off by the waters. Men, women, and children were snatched from crumbling houses, from trees, and even from lamp-posts, to which they had clung in their desperation. Through the day boatful after boatful was brought in safety to the steamer, till the deck was crowded with the fugitives, and amongst them seven children died after being received on board. From want of room the bodies of the poor little ones had to be laid out in the stokehole; for even the engine-room was crowded with our living freight. I spoke with one poor woman there, who had had six children. Five were drowned before her eyes; the youngest had now died in her arms from the effects of exposure. The sights we encountered were most heart-rending.

In rowing in and about the town on our mission of rescue, I saw terrible scenes, and all the more terrible because, in some cases, it was impossible to afford timely succor. In one particular instance, I remarked a good-sized house,—the inmates had gathered on the roof, and in the windows of the loft women were seen holding out their infants and imploring aid. Before a boat could be brought to the spot the whole building collapsed with a dreadful crash, a cloud of dust rose in the air, and then all was over—the house and its inmates had disappeared in the surging flood. Whole streets were laid in ruins; the place knows them no more. In the space of two minutes I saw six houses dissolve away in the flood. I do not know whether there were any people still in them. I fear that in this large city of seventy thousand, indeed we may say eighty thousand inhabitants, there must have been many sick and aged who were unhappily overlooked in the dreadful mis-

ery and confusion of the time. It is necessary to remark that by far the greater part of the houses at Szegedin was built of sun-dried bricks, having the roofs tiled with shingle. Good foundations even were wanting; for there is no stone in the great plain, and the people build with the materials nearest at hand and cheapest. This will account for the rapid destruction of the dwellings in the poorer parts of the town. The task of rescue was also rendered more difficult in consequence; for when the walls of a house caved in, it frequently happened that the timbers of the arched roof broke away outwards, striking whatever chanced to be near with great force. Our boat's crew had several very narrow escapes,—in fact the volunteers did not get off altogether unscathed.

As night came on, the whole scene was lit up by a great fire raging at the match-manufactory. The effect was truly awful. By the light of the flames we visited the embankment. There must have been upwards of forty thousand people collected there, in a state of the greatest misery—in short, without food, and without covering save their own garments. In some places fires had been lighted with wood snatched from the floating *débris*, and shivering groups of poor creatures were gathered round. Such a scene of desolation, taken all in all, has perhaps never been equalled. The distress was greatly aggravated by the pitiless snow and sleet which swept over the homeless sufferers. During the night ten degrees of frost were registered—a most unusual thing at this season. I have before alluded to the strong attachment of the Hungarian peasant for home and familiar surroundings. It is a curious fact that, weeks after the inundation of Szegedin, the people could not be persuaded to leave their miserable bivouac on the river embankment. It was the spot of dry earth nearest to their drowned homes; and there, poor creatures, they stop, patiently waiting the assuaging of the waters. In some instances the people preferred to perish with their crumbling houses, rather than save themselves or be saved by others. They had lost all that was dear to them, and they had nothing left to live for.

On the day following the one of the final disaster, I think the general depression was greater than on the day itself. The extent of the incalculable losses, the misery to thousands incurred thereby, were more fully realized. It is useless recapitulating scene after scene of trouble and distress. I might mention cases of moth-

ers frozen to death with infants at the breast; of women, paralyzed with terror, giving premature birth to their unhappy offspring (a case of this kind took place on board the ship "Czongrad"); but I prefer to pass on from the inevitable misery of the situation, to remark on the inadequate amount of help provided against the emergency, which was certainly *not unforeseen*. One or two episodes that came under my own observation may serve to make this clear. In rowing through the town during the second day, we passed a church in the suburbs crammed full of people. They called to us piteously for help; they had no food of any description, but we could not perform a miracle and feed the multitude. Their lives were not in danger, for the building was of stone, and most reluctantly we went on our way. But I grieve to say it was the third day before bread was brought to these people.

All through there was a scarcity of boats. And when ten thousand loaves one day, and fifteen thousand another, arrived from Buda-Pesth, the means of distributing the food was very inadequate, owing simply to there not being enough boats. There was gross neglect somewhere, and such neglect in face of this dreadful disaster fixes a heavy responsibility on those concerned. I have stated earlier in my narrative that very little provision had been made beforehand, in respect to pontoons and boats. I must remark that the officers and men of the regular army cannot be too much praised for their unwearied exertions in saving life and property by night and by day. The pontoon service, according to my humble judgment, was less well managed.

There is much diversity of opinion about the number of deaths caused by the disaster at Szegedin. The central authorities state that the bodies recovered up to about the third week in April, did not reach one hundred. As an eye-witness of the disaster, and remaining after it took place five days on the spot, I can myself entertain no doubt that many more than this number were drowned in the confusion of that dreadful night; and it was the opinion of some of the high military officials that the victims must be counted by thousands. Before the waters have been thoroughly drained off, and the wreckage cleared away, it is vain making any computation one way or another. The houses were crushed in by hundreds, many of them falling in such a manner that the roofs came down intact, thereby holding down any bodies that might be beneath.

The official statements that I have as yet seen do not give any account of the mortality amongst the villages and outlying hamlets. I fear there must have been great loss of human life in the submerged districts, which were hundreds of square miles in extent. As a rule, the only boats to be found in the villages were of a very primitive kind—a sort of "dug-out"—being formed of the trunk of a large tree, scooped out, and capable of holding three people at the most. One can only imagine too well that many lonely farmhouses, and even villages, were surprised by the flood, and that their inmates found no means of escape across fields and roads suddenly submerged to the depth of several feet. In the whole district under water, the population was computed to be not much under one hundred and twenty thousand souls: practically the greater number have been rendered homeless. At Szegedin some fifteen hundred people sought shelter in the handsome schoolhouse—which, being a solid stone structure, defied the waters. It will be evident that even in the towns, places of refuge were difficult to be found, for the official returns state that out of "the 6,566 houses in Szegedin, only 331 remain, and many are not habitable."

A great flood is indeed one of the most terrible of all disasters. It is true, a fire leaves only the charred embers of a homestead or a town, but when it has burnt out the active mischief is at an end; a hurricane may sweep all before it, but when past, a calm succeeds. In the case of inundation, however, the trouble only passes away with despairing slowness. Months must elapse before the waters are drained off, even with the best aid of steam-pumping arrangements. In the submerged district there can be no harvest this year. It will be well if the rich fields and pastures are not covered with sand and gravel for many a long year to come. It is impossible to arrive at any estimate at present of the loss incurred by the agriculturist. The fields belonging to Szegedin alone are said to comprise an area of three hundred and fifteen square miles. When the emperor visited the scene of the calamity, the mayor addressed him, saying: "Your Majesty, we have lost all our fields, our goods, our houses,—all we have is destroyed." The havoc is indeed terrible, but it must be hoped that the "fields" may not be utterly lost; the injury depends very much on whether the irruption of the waters was violent or otherwise.

This question brings us to a considera-

tion of the causes which induced the overflow of the Theiss. Before doing so, however, I will give a brief extract from the official report of his Excellency Count Karolyi to the lord mayor of London. "The two communities of Algo and Tapé," says the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, "have had their whole territory overrun by water. In Tapé 477 houses fell, in Algo 425 houses; the inhabitants, to the number of nearly six thousand at the latter place, left, abandoning all their property. 8,014 acres of land in Tapé, and 2,243 acres in Algo, are flooded. The community of Dorozsma had 1,820 houses, with 9,688 inhabitants, 32,359 acres of land. Only three hundred houses remained standing; the rest, with all provisions and stores, and the largest part of the fortune of the inhabitants, was destroyed and buried under water." The statistics of the destruction of houses at Szegedin have been already given. Nor does the Theiss district alone suffer, the Körös and the Berettyo rivers had also flooded hundreds of miles of country before their waters reached the Theiss. In short, the inundations in Hungary this year have exceeded in extent anything of the kind which has occurred during the present century. In a lesser degree, the trouble has not been infrequent in past times; and a certain amount of flooding of pasture-lands by the river's side is annual and innocuous, if not directly beneficial.

In considering the behavior of the river, we must look to its origin. The Theiss rises, as we are aware, in the Marmoros Mountains, a portion of the north-eastern range of the Carpathians, passing through some of the finest forest and rock scenery in Europe, with the rapidity of a true mountain torrent; it then flows near Tokay into the level plain, and becomes the most sluggish of known rivers. Reaching Szegedin, it receives, in the Maros River, the tributary waters of a great part of Transylvania, and finally flows into the Danube, twenty miles east of Peterwardein.

Just when the Theiss becomes slow, it becomes mischievous and troublesome. As long ago as the reign of Maria Theresa efforts were made to cure its irregularities. But it was under the auspices of Count Szécheneyi in 1846, that the work of regulating the Theiss was seriously commenced. The system gone upon was firstly to endeavor to straighten the course of the meandering stream, whose turns and twists may be compared to the wriggling of a snake, or endless repetitions of the letter S: the windings alone spread over six

hundred and eleven kilometres. Canals were cut from one bend to another—one hundred and eight canals in all—which reduced the windings by no less than four hundred and eighty kilometres. These operations have spread over a number of years, but it has been seen fit to discontinue the works for the last two or three years. It must be borne in mind that the regulation was commenced at the upper reaches of the river—that is, shortly after its entrance on the plain. Now the canals that were cut were not so deep, and not nearly so wide, as the original bed of the stream; but the current being led off to the shortest cut, the result is that in summer the old bed is nearly dry, and as the greater flow of water brings down an immense increase of detritus, these channels get more and more filled up. The canals, however, are not of sufficient size to keep in flood-waters in the springtime, and to remedy this difficulty, strong dikes have been constructed at enormous expense along both banks of the river. These dikes are built right up against the summer or low-water mark; the consequence is, that when the river rises there is actually no room for the water, and the dikes are overflowed in a manner much more dangerous than was the former quiet overflow. The waters at times of great rainfall burst through the dikes with tremendous force, and *instantly* flood immense tracts of country, carrying everything before them. Formerly the waters, flowed gradually over the land, and as the river-level fell so the flood-waters receded, generally in time for the farmer to sow his seed. Now the case is quite different: when the water once breaks through the dikes, it flows all over the country, perhaps many miles down, in a parallel direction to the river; and as not unfrequently happens, the dikes lower down remain firm, and the flood-water rises two or three feet above the river-level. This state of things naturally increases the danger tenfold, and was exactly what took place at Szegedin, which, as we know, was drowned, not by the river itself, but by the accumulated flood-water behind the town. The calamity has been foreseen by engineers of eminence, who have not failed to speak out on the subject. Amongst the opponents of the present system of the Theiss regulation is Major Stephanovich; he made a statement five years ago, before the Geographical Society's meeting at Vienna, to the effect that it was his opinion that "Szegedin would some day be broken through by the Theiss."

In 1865 the inspector of river regulation, M. Carl Hevigh, drew attention to the danger. He said, "If we admit the possibility that some time or other the Theiss at its highest may meet the Maros at its highest, then one of the most populated, industrious, flourishing cities of Hungary will be exposed to dangers and catastrophes which those only can understand who know how low three-fourths of the city lie, and from what material the pretty houses of Szegedin are built."

The Maros flows at right angles into the Theiss at Szegedin, and when at flood arrests the current of the other river, pushing it back, and thereby greatly increasing the risk of inundation. It was in view of this danger that the great Italian engineer, Paleocapa, suggested that a canal should be constructed which should direct the Maros into the Theiss much lower down, thereby avoiding the dangerous confluence at Szegedin. This was in the year 1846, when the abolition of serfdom and other sweeping reforms were agitating Hungary, and possibly economic projects got shelved; or perhaps Szegedin did not wish to turn a navigable river from her doors. Be it as it may, nothing was done to forward so commendable a scheme. The proposal of securing Szegedin by the much-talked-of "ring-dike" is considered "utterly futile" by Major Stephanovich, on account of the subterranean water.

It has recently been proposed by Messrs. Stephanovich and Hobohm to make a canal in the ancient course of the Theiss, at the base of the Transylvanian Mountains, which should receive the Szamos, Körös, and Maros, and subsequently enter the Danube at Karas, between the dunes at Deliblat and the commencement of the defile of Basias. This system of canalization would have the double object of averting floods and of directing water for purposes of irrigation into dry districts.

According to received opinion, the geological study of Hungary shows that at an epoch relatively recent the Theiss ran something like a hundred kilometres to the east of its present bed, following the base of the Transylvanian Alps. But in course of time the Szamos, the three Körös Rivers, and the Maros, all coming in from the east, worked together to throw the Theiss westward, and the towns on the western bank, notably Szegedin and Csongrad, are obliged to retire from time to time before the devouring current. There are certain local exceptions to the westerly tendency of the Theiss, such as that caused by the impulsion of the Danubian waters,

which have had the contrary effect, throwing that portion of the river in an easterly direction, as the following fact will prove. In the time of Trajan and Diocletian, the Romans established fortifications against the Dacians on the plain of Titel, which was then on the east of the Theiss; the plain is now found on the west side of the river. Notwithstanding local differences, we must accept the fact that the general displacement of the Theiss towards a westerly direction is constant and uniform. This is seen not only in irruptive floods of a violent character, as the inundations of this year, but the lands to the west of this river are subject to the almost more serious evil of the oozing and leakage of subterranean waters, which, for lack of channels to carry them off, remain a long while, to the great detriment of the farmer.

To lessen this plague of waters has been the object of the Theiss regulation works for nearly half-a-century; and it must be conceded that near upon four million acres of fever-breeding, stagnant marsh have been actually recovered. Unfortunately, this result, great as it is, has not been an unmitigated blessing; for the more the people of the upper Theiss drain and embank their lands, the more the dwellers in the lower Theiss valley have to dread the recurrence of disaster. "Les récentes inondations ont envahi des territoires, dits 'de collines,' que n'atteignaient jamais les anciennes crues. . . . Quels que soient donc, aux yeux des ingénieurs, les mérites d'exécution présentés par les travaux d'endiguement de la Theiss, la contrée tout entière y a plus perdu que gagné."*

"A great river will have its way," observed a distinguished geologist in speaking of the recent floods; certainly we may take it as an axiom that you must not interfere with nature without bringing her into your councils. It would surely assist, without thwarting, the operations of nature, if care was taken to preserve the *inclination* of the Theiss by dredging—if the bar at the river's mouth were removed—and if the combined Hungarian waters were given a readier outfall at the Iron Gates. Before enlarging on the various "cures" for the evil, there is something to be said about prevention.

In the economy of nature, forests play an important part in regulating the rainfall of a country; and it is well known that the destruction of forests has a most injurious effect on climate. Professor Ramsay, in

* *Geographie. L'Europe Centrale*, par M. Reclus. Paris, 1878. Part iii., p. 316.

writing on the inundations of the river Po in 1872, says: "Not only do wide-spreading forests tend to produce a moist atmosphere, but their shade prevents rapid evaporation, and the roots of the trees hinder the quick flow of the surface-water in the streams of the wood-covered area. . . . But by foresight and skill much may be done; and if the great old forests of the mountains were allowed to reassert themselves, the recurring danger would be in time less than now. But to be even nearly safe, dredging must, if possible, be added to embanking, so as to keep the long incline of the river-bottom at an average level, otherwise the time in the far future *must* come when nature will of necessity overcome even the best-directed efforts of man."

The destruction of forests has been a crying evil in Hungary for many years past. M. Keleti, in his report "On the State of Agriculture in Hungary," presented to the International Congress at Paris in 1878, says, in speaking of certain districts, that they would still be fertile if the inexcusable imprudence of cutting down forests had not been committed—"an irrational proceeding," he adds, "which has exposed some parts of the land to the risk of being carried away by the waters."

Every traveller in Hungary who has recorded his impressions, has loudly proclaimed against the ruthless waste of the forests. Paget, Boner, and more recently Crosse, have one and all dwelt largely on this important subject. Mr. Boner says: "The Wallachs find it too much trouble to fell the trees they destroy systematically: one year the bark is stripped off, the wood dries, and the year after it is fired. . . . In 1862, near Toplitz, twenty-three thousand *joch* of forests were burned by the peasantry. If this goes on, a time will come when the dearth of wood will make itself felt."

Travelling in Hungary in 1876, Mr. Crosse says: "It is impossible to travel twenty miles in the Carpathians without encountering the terrible ravages committed by the lawless Wallachs on the beautiful woods that adorn the sides of the mountains. . . . The great proportion of the forest land belongs to the State, hence the supervision is less keen, and the depredations more readily winked at."

While wringing our hands over the floods, it may sound almost paradoxical to say that Hungary's greatest trouble is *want of water*; and here again is proof that the normal condition of the rainfall should

not be disturbed by unduly interfering with the forests. "Drought is the great enemy of agriculture in Hungary," says M. Keleti. The rich soil of the great plain, which yields such marvellous crops of wheat, hemp, colza, Indian corn, tobacco, and rice in ordinary seasons, is subject occasionally to such terrible drought, that the harvest disappears under one's feet. In 1863 there was a dry season, which caused a loss to the country of one hundred and twenty-six millions of florins, and reduced the cattle stock to such a degree that it has not yet recovered. Some other causes, it is true, have helped to bring about the decrease of horned cattle, a state of things greatly deplored by all sound agriculturists; but there remains the fact of the fearful ravages committed by the dry season of 1863. It is reckoned that on an average there is one dry year in every ten.

To face this difficulty, the question of irrigation is now seriously attracting attention in Hungary. It is a work twice blessed, because it relieves the flooded seasons of their surplus waters, to store them for needful times of drought. The favorable results to be derived from irrigation in the fertile soil of Hungary almost exceed belief. In a visit of inspection through the Bács country, in lower Hungary, last autumn, I gathered various statistics, which went to prove that the man who irrigates his land gains from eighty to one hundred per cent. over his neighbor who neglects this obvious duty.

General Türr, speaking on "Canalization and Irrigation" at Buda-Pesth, in April of last year, says: "The irrigation as used by the Bulgarian gardeners is worth notice. They are clever enough to draw out of an acre a revenue of from four to five hundred florins. . . . A man named Szemzo, who owns land near the Francis Canal, now receives a rental of eighty to one hundred and twenty florins per acre from Bulgarians, whereas formerly he received only ten florins per acre." The Bulgarians, it must be observed, are the market-gardeners of Hungary. In the suburbs of almost every town colonies of these people have established themselves, especially where there is a river or a canal; and by the aid of a very simple mechanism of their own invention, they elevate the water, and throw it over the ground, producing thereby enormous crops of vegetables.

These economic results are apart from the special question before us. With regard to future inundations of the Hungarian rivers, I fear the "forecast" is by no

means reassuring. Engineers have stated most emphatically that Buda-Pesth itself is endangered by the present system of rectifying the Danube just above and below Pesth. M. Revy, in his "Report on the Danube at Buda-Pesth," mentions that the river has in fact divided itself into branches forming the Csepel island below the capital, for "profound hydraulic reasons," affecting the "settled *régime* of the river;" and to cut off a branch like that of the Soroksár—which forms one arm of the Danube round this island—is to disturb the "natural equilibrium." He goes on to say, that "to change the river's former *régime* in this reach of its course may involve ultimate consequences that nobody can foretell. The Danube misses her former channel of the Soroksár more and more. . . . What else is the embankment of the Soroksár than the artificial blocking of that branch, which permanently and annually anticipates the most unfortunate event which possibly might happen once in a generation?"

M. Pulsky, in his recent pamphlet "The Crisis," has also called attention to the present system of regulation, which "fails utterly in preserving the capital from the danger of inundation, which threatens it every year."

The danger is always, or nearly always, imminent in the spring, when the ice breaks up on the Danube. Any impediment to the onward flow of the stream by the blocking of ice-drifts has the effect of increasing tenfold the chance of inundation. I will now draw attention to what happened in 1876. The following extract from Mr. Crosse's work on Hungary,* in which he describes the scene, will give some idea of how narrowly Pesth escaped the fate which has befallen Szegedin:—

There was a peculiarity in the thaw of this spring (1876) which told tremendously against us. It came westward—viz, down stream, instead of up stream, as it usually does. This state of things greatly increased the chances of flood in the middle Danube, as the descending volume of water and ice-blocks found the lower part of the river still frozen and inert. . . . It seems that at Eresi, a few miles below Buda-Pesth, where the water is shallow, the ice had formed into a compact mass for the space of six miles, and at this point the down-drifting ice-blocks got regularly stacked, rising higher and higher, till the whole vast volume of water was bayed back upon the twin cities of Buda and Pesth, the latter place being

specially endangered by its site on the edge of the great plain. . . . The only news of the morning (25th February) was a despairing telegram from Eresi that the barrier of ice there was immovable: this meant there was no release for the pent-up waters in the ordinary course. The accumulated flood must swamp the capital, and that soon. . . . We never quitted the Corso, though this was the third night we had not taken off our clothes; it was impossible to think of rest now. The gravest anxiety was visible on the face of every soul of that vast multitude. . . . I think it must have been ten o'clock when the fortress on the Blocksberg again belched forth its terrible sound of warning. This time there were six shots fired; this was the signal of "Pesth in danger." . . . I heard distinctly above the murmur of voices the town clocks strike twelve. Just afterwards a man running at full speed broke through the crowd, shouting as he went, "The water is falling!" Thank God! he spoke words of truth. . . . It was a generally expressed opinion that something must have happened further down the river to relieve the pent-up waters. Very shortly official news arrived, and spread like wildfire, that the Danube had made a way for itself right across the island of Csepel into the Soroksár arm of the river. . . . The Danube, in reasserting its right of way to the sea, caused a terrible calamity to the villages on the Csepel island, but thereby Hungary's capital was saved.

After the fate of Szegedin, the warning conveyed by this incident at Buda-Pesth in 1876 is surely not to be disregarded. Plans of river regulations, which, however beneficial they may be locally, are yet not conceived on general principles, or with reference to the whole river-system of the country, must be looked upon with jealous suspicion. It is a question for the engineers to decide whether the best relief for the flooded rivers of Hungary may not be obtained by deepening and generally improving the channel of the Danube at the Iron Gates. In the opinion of persons qualified to speak, it is the only efficacious means of relieving both the Theiss and the Danube. It is no new project. In the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, it was stipulated that Austria should be empowered to remove these obstacles to the free navigation of the Danube. The question was again brought forward at the conference in London in 1871. A plan, forming the basis of operations, was drawn up by the American engineer, M'Alpin, with the assistance of Austrian and Hungarian engineers, whereby it was proposed to blast the rocks, and so form a navigable channel through the defile of Kasan. A commission sat at Orsova, and perhaps is still sitting, for the works of peace incubate but

* Round about the Carpathians. By Andrew F. Crosse. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1878.

slowly. Little or nothing has been done since the time of Trajan to improve this important water-way—the natural road for the commerce of half the continent—and now we are well on in the nineteenth century! A great flood, working dire destruction, may act usefully as a stimulant to the memory.

Postscript.—Since writing the above, an interesting pamphlet, "*Ueber die Ursachen der Katastrophe von Szegedin*," has reached my hands. It is written by Major Stephanovich, whose name I have already quoted. The opinion of this distinguished engineer is, that the main cause of the Szegedin disaster must be attributed to the deficient channel for the outfall of the Danube waters at the Iron Gates. He asserts most emphatically that "not only the well-being, but the existence even of Hungary, is concerned in removing the obstructions in the defile of Plocsa and Kasan."

In reference to the special disaster of this spring in the Theiss valley, the writer remarks that the causes may be distinctly traced back to last autumn, when there was an excessive rainfall in the countries drained by the Save and the Drave. These rivers were in a state of overflow, and the channel of the Danube below Belgrade became surcharged, and remained in this condition the whole winter; and therefore the Theiss was unable to rid itself of its superfluous waters, which were, in fact, bayed back by the Danube. January of this year found the Theiss abnormally high, instead of being at its lowest level, usual at that season. In this condition of things the early thaw, as we know, melted the Carpathian snows, and the flood-waters came down to find the river-bed already choked.

Major Stephanovich does not mention it, but I believe it is a fact that the Danube has so strong an effect on the Theiss, that high water on the Danube causes a reflux on the current of its tributary as far up as Szegedin itself, a distance of one hundred and thirty-three kilometres.

From Temple Bar.

A SKETCH IN A NARROW STREET.

It was so narrow, this little back street, in the quaint, old-fashioned German town, that Hans Gottlieb could, if he had so wished, have shaken hands out of his window with his opposite neighbor.

The sun that shone so bravely elsewhere was seldom visible here; only in the early morning a few golden gleams found their way in, and gave faint encouragement to the two or three flowers that blossomed in pots on the window-sill.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the casement opposite would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a blithe little French song, would ring across the silent street to his listening ears; how a slim, pretty figure would for a moment stand framed in the blossoming scarlet-runners, a pretty figure, with dark French eyes, and black hair, drawn up under a white cap, a beautiful contrast, so Hans thought, to his comely, yellow-haired countrywomen. As soon as this vision appeared, Hans would pause in his work, and turn his eyes towards it; would wait till the watering of the flowers and the singing of the song were alike ended, and then would approach his window.

"Good morning," his neighbor would call across in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good morning, Monsieur Gottlieb," and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish into the dark shadows, and Hans return to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win, even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes in talk, yet Hans as he worked, dreaming of the days when stone-carving should not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite—a table covered with many bright-colored scraps of muslin and paper—which in due course, under those deft, small hands, became summer flowers; at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, yet so far apart, abstaining from all conversation which might have made the days pass more quickly; but then an hour's idleness might mean going supperless to bed, so that even Rose Cordier, dearly as she loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it, except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the coolness in the little close street, and the shadowy grey of the strip of sky overhead, gave notice that the long summer day was drawing to an end; when the small room grew dark, then Rose would

rise and open the door, to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbors — with the women sitting on their doorsteps, knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking, for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her; of this little foreigner who had come amongst them four years ago with an old mother, since dead, and who earned her daily bread honestly among them.

Then as it grew even darker, Hans Gottlieb would become aware that the day and its work were over, and would lay aside his chisel, and also seek what little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not laugh or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier; it was not his way, and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William Street. Beyond a "Good evening, neighbor," they did not seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe, only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he was at work upon, or if he had had a good order, and then poor Hans, flushing all over his fair face, would proceed to describe his work, his prospects, until Rose, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders, would tell him in her foreign German she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower; it was too late now, but to-morrow, yes to-morrow, he must try and explain it all again, for it was interesting, so interesting. But for now it must be good-night, "good-night to every one," and the slight, trim figure had disappeared, and the door was closed.

The neighbors, watching Hans as he strolled up and down the little street afterwards, pipe in mouth, nodded and smiled to one another. "Ah, when there is enough for two over yonder, there will be a wedding!" Such was the form the whispering took.

Even the hardest workers take a holiday now and again, and the feast of St. John the Baptist is esteemed in Friedrichsburg the legitimate summer holiday of all its industrious inhabitants. The happy day is spent according to an old custom at a small village some three miles distant from the town, where a time-honored fair is held.

Lion-tamers, fat women, dwarfs, giants, all the hundred and one shows that are the rightful property of a fair are to be found there, and later on there is a dancing under the soft evening sky, and after that,

home early, so as to be up and about on the morrow, to work, if possible, harder than ever, to make up for the wasted day.

To Rose Cordier, with her quick French blood, her youth, her light-heartedness, this *fête* was one to which she looked forward for many weeks beforehand, and the little foreigner knew she was never likely to want a cavalier, and this was looked upon as almost a *sine quâ non* of the entertainment.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June, looking as fresh and bright as the red roses in her belt, and Hans appear immediately afterwards, a companion rose in his button-hole.

They were all standing about in little groups, preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity; many of them with babies in their arms, and little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to give an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans, suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my *atelier*, *mademoiselle*? I have been working at something I should like to show you."

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

They turned back as she spoke, and he pushed open the door.

"See," he said, "it is not finished yet, but it is to be a wreath of roses."

He led her, as he said those words, to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, it lay — the half-completed circlet of carved flowers.

"It *is* pretty," she said. And then, "Is it an order? What will you get for it?"

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"It *is* pretty," she repeated, touching with her small fingers the delicate curled leaves, which surely had the stamp of genius upon them; "but it wants *something*," she added after a pause.

"What?" he inquired eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I cannot find out whether it is right or wrong."

"I know," she exclaimed triumphantly. "Color! Ah, monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last week for the Gräfinn von Adeldorf for a ball, you would know what I mean. "Oh?" — with a little clasp of her hands — "it was perfect! Perfect as love!"

Her thoughts had quite wandered away

from the delicate flowers before her; indeed she did not remember them until they stood once more in the street, with the door closed behind them, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

"They are very pretty," she said softly, "but you see they are not finished yet. When they are, perhaps, who knows, you might sell them."

"Perhaps," he said. "I could try, if you wish it; but when I made them I thought"—the color swept up into his face—"that *you* would like them."

"Yes, so I should, if you were rich enough to give presents, or if—— Well, you will not mind my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? That is a bad thing," shaking her pretty head. "It does not make a fortune, and money, you know, one must have. So take my advice, leave off carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell. You are not angry?"

"Angry," repeated Hans, "when you are so kind as to take an interest in me, and wish me well! Why——" But here they had reached the merry, laughing crowd, and the spot where the omnibus was awaiting them, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to await completion at some future time.

And it was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By-and-by, when there was a little more money in his pocket, and a home worthy of offering to a wife, then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this as on other occasions, it was a case of "Man proposes," at least so far as Hans was concerned, for the long, joyful day over, and tired holiday-seekers beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft, starry sky, walking townwards by the side of Rose Cordier.

"It would be pleasanter to walk," he had said, standing by the crowded omnibus, filled with drowsy, crying children and wearied mothers. "Are *you* tired, *mademoiselle*?"—after a second's pause—"would you rather drive?"

"No, I will come with you," she had replied, "it will save the sous."

So they had started homewards together. And ere very long Hans found himself reverting to those unfinished words of the morning.

Love-making seemed so natural, so desirable under these circumstances, that it was difficult to think of waking up on the morrow to the hard day's work, and the knowledge that where it is so difficult to

keep one, what would be done if there was yet another.

"It is selfish of me to ask you, Rose, when I have nothing to offer, but I am young, and strong, and willing to work—and I love you, Rose."

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands in his.

Rose was moved too. The tears stood in her bright eyes, her cheeks looked pale in the starlight.

"Yes, dear Hans," she said timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learnt to love, "but, you see——"

"Yes, I see. We could not live upon nothing. No, alas, no! But, Rose"—the color flushing up into his face again as he said hesitatingly, "we might be engaged? Could you—oh, I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind, but—it would be so long, and——" There was no mistaking the girl's tones, even if the words were a little vague.

"And there is André Leroux?"

"He is from my country," cried the girl quickly, blushing a bright rosy red. "It is natural, amongst strangers, I should like to see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am not blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, amongst strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often lonely for you?"

"Yes, Hans," Rose replied, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you, I should find the little street but dull and sad since the poor mother died. And ah," as they entered the said street, "here we are at home! How quickly we have come! Good night, Hans."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his, and looked down at the pretty face.

"It is such a pity," she said softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity," he echoed sadly, loosing her hand as he spoke.

"And you are not angry with me?" she went on.

"Angry? no, certainly not. Why, I see of course you were right. It was silly of me to ask you to wait; you might be an old woman before I had enough for us to marry on!"

"Yes, dear Hans, it would never do. I knew you would agree with me when you thought it over. But you will still remain my friend?"

"Always your friend, Rose. It does not matter, you know, how poor a *friend* is." Thus they parted: Rose to weep a few tears, and then to fall asleep and dream of André Leroux; Hans to ponder over whether there was nothing to be done, nothing he could do, to better his position.

It was so difficult, more difficult in the prosaic light of day even, than when dreaming over it pipe in mouth, in the soft summer evenings.

Carving the letters of a dead friend's name — more often painting them on common black wood, for the customers who sought out the little *atelier* of Hans Gottlieb were not often well-to-do — is not a swift road to a fortune.

And although he was not proud, and after Rose's remarks about the time wasted over the wreath of roses, which might perhaps have been turned to better account, he had done what little odd jobs he could after working hours, still even then the little heap of savings did not seem to increase much.

And oftener and oftener now, Hans noted a certain M. André Leroux come up the narrow street of an evening, to walk up and down in the twilight with his opposite neighbor.

Each time the sight of the spruce French flower-maker — for André's trade was the same as Rose's — sent a throb of pain to the great honest heart of Hans Gottlieb. But he did not repine, did not blame Rose. It was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, that was all. But not a cause for complaining, only a burden, like so many others that fall to the lot of the poor man — a part of his day's work.

It was not so often now that Rose Cordier ran across in the gloaming to ask how his work progressed, and the neighbors ceased to gossip and nod their heads when they saw them speak to one another. "It was changed, all that, that they had thought likely to come to pass — the wind was in another quarter now — they could see, ah yes, it was not difficult to see what was coming."

Only the children did not forsake Hans, but were just as eager to talk to him, and run after him, as in the days when there was no spruce Frenchman to share with him the honor of the narrow street.

Then came a morning, when Hans as he worked saw a couple issue from the opposite house, followed by as many neighbors as could spare an hour's holiday; Rose with a late *gloire de Dijon* in her belt, a

bright color on her cheeks, and her dark eyes shining with pride and happiness, her hand on André's arm.

"Good morning, Hans," she cried in her sweet voice, as she passed his open door. "I am going to be married this morning, but we shall not take the wedding holiday till Sunday. If you can come, do." And then passed on before there was a chance of saying more than "A happy future." That evening, as Hans worked at the rose-wreath — it was nearly completed now — he chanced to look across to the window where he had so often seen the bent head, and the trim figure. But to-night the lamp was lit, for it soon grew dark now, too soon for work to be relinquished with the twilight, and on the blind was the reflection of *two* heads, of *four* busy hands.

Hans did not look again; he drew down his own blind then, and with a sigh went back to the carving of his delicate rose-leaves.

But after that evening he gave up his little room, packed his few goods, and made up his mind to go away — to go to Rome, that haven of ambitious minds.

Now that the little savings were not all to be hoarded against the day when they might be wanted for another, it was no use guarding them any more. Better, so Hans decided, use them in going away to where daily bread might perhaps be easier come by than in this narrow German town; where perhaps even the carving he was so fond of might gain him congenial work, and allow him to put on one side this other work that occupied him now.

Besides, if the worst came to the worst, and he did drift into utter poverty, it did not so much matter *now*.

And with that "now" Hans buried the past, and started forth on his travels.

First, however, he went across the street, and for the first time entered Rose's domain, Madame Leroux, as he had to call her.

"I have come to wish you good-bye, madame," he said. "And see, I have brought you as a parting present the little wreath. It is finished now."

He laid it down as he spoke amongst the colored roses on the table, between monsieur and madame as they sat at work.

"Oh, that is good of you, very good," cried Rose, the ever-ready tears coming into her eyes. "And so you are going away? Ah, my husband," turning towards spruce, neat-fingered M. Leroux, "thou must also wish Monsieur Hans 'God-speed,' for in the old days before I was married, he was always a kind friend to

me. And see, also, what a beautiful present he has brought us!"

At his wife's words, M. André stood up. "Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of André Leroux! Let me wish you *bon voyage* and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. André, and Gottlieb had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to the wall!"

"It is pretty," said his wife. "I always thought so, but now, André, that I see it amongst all these red roses, I am sure that what I said of it at first is quite true — it wants color!"

"You have it exactly, my wife," replied M. Leroux, with fond appreciation of Rose's cleverness. "That is just what it needs — but then, we cannot have *everything*." And M. André's gaze returned with much satisfaction to the crimson roses before him.

It would have surprised this couple, perhaps, if they could have seen on into the coming years, if they could have listened to the words of a world-renowned collector of the beauties of art.

"He only did two of them" — he was addressing some three or four eager listeners in a London ball-room — "the one that he did for Levison, and which first made him famous. You never saw it? Why, it is a marvel! The curl of the leaves, the very dew on the fresh petals, it is wonderful. I would have given him anything he asked for one like it. But, poor fellow, as you know, he only just lived long enough to know he was famous."

"However, when I was last in Friedrichsburg, his native town, and striving to find out all I could about him — if he had done anything before he went to Rome — there in that wretched, narrow street, as I was telling you before, I found this facsimile of his greatest work — a present to a sweetheart, I suppose. They had told me she knew him, that he used to live opposite to her, so I called to see if I could glean anything about him, and there, hanging up on the wall, I saw that very wreath that had been haunting me for months!"

"How did you persuade her to part with it?"

"Ah, Lady Grace, that was not very

difficult — honest English gold. How her eyes glistened at the sight of it! Very pretty eyes they were, too! She cried when I took it down, cried when I told her Hans was dead. But her husband comforted her. 'See, my wife,' he said, 'I will make for thee a wreath of these lovely roses of just the same size' — did I say they were artificial-flower-makers? — 'and we will hang it up in its place, so that you will not miss the other. And as to him, poor fellow, life is difficult, and perhaps he is well out of it!'

"So madame dried her tears.

"Ah, that will be lovely," I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; 'and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath — we could only look at it!'

"You are interested in it now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon, and see the wreath of roses? Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE MUSICAL CULTUS OF THE DAY.

THE charge against the English of being an unmusical nation is one of very old standing, to which the reply (almost equally old) has always been that if we have never been great producers of music, we have, at all events, shown a great appreciation of those who were. We made an Englishman of Handel, showed a most liberal hospitality to Haydn, took an early and (for the time) tolerably enlightened interest in Beethoven, and welcomed Mendelssohn with open arms. These stereotyped claims to the respect of the musical world would, however, seem very incomplete and out of date if regarded from the point of view of musical England at the present moment: or perhaps, to be strictly correct, we should rather say of musical London. For the great gulf fixed between the critical standpoint of cultivated society in London and in the provinces, which in respect of some subjects of intellectual interest may be said to have been partially bridged over of late years, seems in regard to music to be rather widened than otherwise. In most provincial concert-rooms it is probable that the *finale* of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is still endured (when at all) with a certain bewilderment not unmixed with antagonism, and that his latest pianoforte sona-

tas are regarded as unintelligible and too long. In cathedral towns the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" are still played in the drawing-rooms, and a placid belief in Mendelssohn as the greatest composer of modern time, if not of any time, still thrives in the congenial soil of a clericalized society, impatient of new growths in art as in everything else. But in modern musical London "*τί καὶ οὖν*?" is the pass-word. Not only is there an appetite for musical performances apparently almost insatiable even by the ample supply afforded to it, but there is an absolute demand for progress, a determination to keep up with the times, to hear the last new composer, to catch the tone of the last developments of "the higher criticism" in regard to modern music, its desires, its achievements, its possibilities. In place of being musically a rather backward society, as we once were, a society sparing in its attendance at concerts and lagging far behind Germany in our interest in new forms of composition, we are now spending a great aggregate of time in concert-rooms, music is a constant topic of conversation everywhere, and the foreign critic who would be charge us afresh with being an unmusical nation, might now be met by the retort that at least there is probably no capital where people hear so much music, and talk so much about it, as in our own.

It is always a matter of some interest to attempt to analyze a movement of this kind, and endeavor to form a just conclusion as to its real intellectual value, and the motives or impulses which give rise to it. Is the passion for music in modern English society, then, the offspring of a genuine and heartfelt interest in and an intellectual comprehension of the art; or is it, like so many other growths of social predilection, more or less a forced product of conventional life? Is it a passion, or only a fashion?

Looking at the subject in the broadest manner, as an element in the sum total of modern feeling, an increased passion for music would seem to be only one of the results of the general tendency towards a fuller emotional expression in art and literature, which is the legacy to us of the revolution period; at least which is often so regarded. But without troubling ourselves about the origin of a wave of human feeling too vast and vague for analysis, we at all events all know and feel the distinction between George Eliot and Jane Austen, between Turner and Gainsborough, between Watts and Reynolds. The tendency of modern life has been —

why we know not — towards a quickening of the emotional side of human nature, a reaction from the purely intellectual and analytical bent of the mind of the last century, an indefinable, passionate longing which has been said to be summed up in the German word *Sehnsucht*, more than in any expression in our own language. And of this feeling music, in its modern forms more particularly, is the most complete and intense means of expression. It is essentially an emotional form of art — not indeed exclusively so, by any means — but more so than any other; it cannot express facts or convictions, but it gives voice to those vague and deep-seated desires and sympathies, that abstract sense of harmony and proportion in things, which are indescribable in language, which painting can only reflect from the outside, but of which modern music seems to embody (if one may use the word of what is so completely an "unbodied joy") the inner and indefinable meaning. The relation in which music stands to many minds in the present day is that expressed in the wonderful line in Rossetti's sonnet, "The Monochord," —

Oh! what is this that knows the road I came?

an expression intelligible to all who have been able to meet the inner meaning of Beethoven in such far-reaching passages as that episode in D in the *Scherzo* of the Seventh Symphony; and perhaps to them only. At all events, to suppose that such an interest in music of a high class exists among all, or among the majority of those who discuss it and assist at its revelation, would be contrary to all experience as to the proportion of really intellectual sympathy with imaginative creations of a high class, to be found in general society. There is then an *a-priori* probability that a considerable proportion of the professedly serious culture of music is much more superficial in its origin than its votaries would have us suppose, or than perhaps they are aware of themselves; for, after all, but a very small proportion of those who profess an enthusiasm for the highest productions of art are consciously pretenders. But a consideration of some of the circumstances which have attended the development of this professedly serious musical *cultus* in English society of late years at once tends to confirm the supposition that there is a great deal in it which is unreal and conventional.

Among these circumstances none are more significant than the remarkably rapid and consentaneous changes of taste or of

musical creed which have followed each other since we began to profess to be a musical public. This peculiar phase of shifting enthusiasm commenced, in its modern form, with the *furor* excited by Mendelssohn about five-and-thirty years ago, and which continued on the increase till some time after his death. A Beethoven *furor* there never has been in this country; partly, perhaps, because he came before the time when the temper of society gave any material for one, partly because his genius stands on too lofty a pedestal for such comparatively idle worship; one might as well expect to see the works of Michel Angelo become the object of a popular mania. Rossini was the centre of a cloud of incense for a time, but in that ritual there was hardly a pretence of a serious aim; we had not then discovered the æsthetic platform. But the appearance of Mendelssohn coincided with the time when the idea that music might be more serious matter than mere pastime had dawned upon the English mind; and the comparative novelty of his style, a certain charm of sentiment, beautiful and at the same time easy of appreciation, combined probably with the personal attraction felt towards a man peculiarly fitted to be a favorite in society, operated together to produce a paroxysm of musical enthusiasm, such as the English world had hardly known before. Mendelssohn was everything that was great in music; he united the highest qualities of Bach and Beethoven; to question the supremacy of his genius was to write yourself down an ass. No moral reprobation was too strong for those unprincipled persons who, having by course of events come into the charge of the composer's manuscripts after his decease, persisted in withholding from the world works which the too modest composer had left unpublished as unsatisfactory, but of which all the intellectual world had a right to demand the hearing. And when at last one of these works was produced at the Crystal Palace, it was an event in the musical world; no extravagance of laudation was too great to be applied by the higher criticism of the day towards a composition,* the weakness of which in comparison with his other works fully explained the judgment of the composer, a much better critic of his own music than most of his public. By those who possessed a standpoint for a calmer judgment, this overacted enthusiasm must have seemed — did seem — absurd at the time;

* The Reformation Symphony.

but what are we to think of it in comparison with the tone now commonly adopted in regard to Mendelssohn in professedly musical and æsthetic society? What are we to think of the claims to musical insight of a society which at the distance of these few years has contemptuously reversed its decision and overturned the pedestal of its idol? And the conclusion to which this bit of the history of English musical enthusiasm must lead, is certainly not weakened by the observation of the rapid succession of idolatries which has taken place in the interim.

Schumann was the popular successor to Mendelssohn; a composer resisted with persistent repugnance for years by English concert audiences, till suddenly, no one knew how, he became the fashion, had his day, and is now making way for Wagner. The history of the reception of Wagner by the English mind presents the same curious phenomenon of absolute and almost angry refusal of a hearing for years, followed by an outbreak of popular admiration and almost equally angry partisanship, so that to question the reality of Wagner's success, and the true philosophy of his method, is in æsthetic society to establish yourself as a weak-headed and blindly prejudiced person. The question *pro* and *con* in regard to this composer's claim to the throne on which he has been exalted cannot be discussed here; it involves very large considerations as to the objects and conditions of musical art; the argument is still complicated by too much of prejudice on the one hand, and extravagant enthusiasm on the other, for any present chance of a judicial settlement,

And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

It may suffice to record here the conviction that those who imagine this last idol to be firm on his pedestal, will probably be in course of time very decidedly undeceived. But we may notice here another and remarkable instance of the fluctuation of musical taste and opinion in this country, in the unexpected and almost ardent worship of a great composer who had hitherto been merely a name (and hardly that) to English people. It is only a few years since London discovered Bach. No musician would have a word to say against the discovery in one sense, for there can hardly be a question that Bach is the loftiest teacher in the whole range of the art, and that no intellect that has been applied to music ever evinced such a giant grasp of what may be called tonal construction.

And if the qualities which make his greatness were really apprehended of the people, we should have got much farther in general musical culture than there is in fact much chance of for some time to come. That they are not so apprehended is apparent, partly from the ingenious admission of worshippers at the shrine, who not infrequently confess that they find Bach most difficult to understand; on the other hand, it must be added, one often hears him lauded for the very qualities which he has not. The position, however, of reverential acceptance of a great artist in spite of inability to understand him is in itself an admirable and a healthy one. But it seems the fate of English musical taste to run to extremes. For generations Handel has been the recognized object of musical reverence in England, his name having been often coupled, certainly, with that of his great contemporary by persons who professed a solid taste for "Handel and Bach" (a collocation of names which, considering the essential qualities of the two composers, is really about as rational as "Rossini and Schumann"), but the preference for his oratorios, as representing the highest class of music, having been for generations the palladium of British musical taste. There was much that was utterly uncritical in the British worship of Handel—a kind of John Bull spirit in music; but even more uncritical and foolish is the now obvious feeling that, Bach having been discovered, Handel is nowhere; that belief in him is an antiquated prejudice, pardonable in our days of ignorance, but utterly inexcusable in this more enlightened generation. Now there are most important qualities in which Bach deserves to be called a greater musician than Handel, though it may be doubted whether many of the people who run after Bach know what they are. At all events, they obviously do not know that Handel had most important qualities which Bach had not; that through the antiquated mannerisms and thin harmonic clothing of many even of his secondary compositions there breathes a power of dramatic expression and pathos of which no trace is to be found in the mighty but somewhat ponderous tone-architecture of the Cantor of Leipzig; that he had a mastery of the method of writing for the voice such as no purely German composer ever possessed; that his choruses exhibit a vigor, energy, and clearness of form which it needs all the constructive power and deep earnestness of Bach to surpass in effect, as he

has done. All this is ignored, Handel is out of fashion, and Bach has been put on his pedestal in obedience to the last impulse of a musical public, whose judgment apparently, like Wordsworth's celebrated cloud, "moveth all together, if it move at all."

It is probable that the very facilities for hearing music of every style and class, which are now within the reach of the London public, have something to do with the promotion of this superficial formation and fluctuation of musical taste. All who wish to hear music can now hear anything, or almost anything, that they wish; classical music is now brought to every one's door; and the constant attendance upon musical performances gives to every one a certain knowledge of what is going on in the world of musical production, a certain opportunity of acquiring the materials for an apparently critical view of the art, so that even those who by natural temperament and taste might have remained quite indifferent on the subject, acquire so much acquaintance with it as enables them to discuss it with an apparent familiarity and knowledge, such as would formerly have been only expected from those who had the musical faculty specially developed. In short, music has become the fashion, and it is not permitted to be ignorant of it, or to have no opinion about it, on pain of being regarded as below the general level of culture; and those who have no musical feeling or preference feel bound to "sham a little." This is not a healthy state of things, but it is perhaps a more or less inevitable condition of a transition stage from a state of ignorance or uncritical superficiality to the state of more cultured and critical knowledge, which the rising generation will, at all events, have had considerable opportunities of acquiring. For it cannot be questioned that there is an advance in the intelligent appreciation of music of the highest class in this country, difficult as it is to separate what is due to real sympathy and thoughtful culture from what is due to mere social habit and tradition. Musical instruction has in some quarters become a very different thing from the perfunctory business which it formerly was; and for the initiation of a change for the better, in this respect, we are probably much indebted to some of the German professors of the art so specially connected with their country, who have taken up their abode among us and have inaugurated a system of instruction, which will gradually, if taken up more widely, have

its results in transforming the study of music in general society from a mere show accomplishment (as it almost universally was till recently *) to the intelligent pursuit of a source of intellectual refreshing and a powerful medium of emotional expression.

The existence of a better class of musical criticism, and musical literature generally, than we at present find in this country, is much to be desired, and would no doubt have its effect in promoting a more broad and comprehensive judgment in regard to musical art than at present exists in English society. As it is, our musical literature is very defective. Musicians are seldom good writers; and what is included under the head of musical criticism in this country must for the most part be classed under one of three heads: mere newspaper notices, in which the prejudices of the writer for or against certain artists give the only point to his writing (and this kind of thing unhappily subserves the needs of other journals than mere daily papers); extravagant effusions of the set of scribes whose business it is to recommend Wagner and the "new school;" and occasionally painstaking and honest judgments expressed in technical or conventional phraseology, and regarded (not unjustly) by the ordinary reader as simply dull. The system lately adopted of appending an analysis of the music to the programmes of classical concerts has been the occasion of the production of some very good critical writing, accompanied often by too much effusion (the besetting sin of musical writers), but it may be questioned whether these have influenced general culture much. Those who go to concerts with a head and heart capable of following and appreciating the composer's aim, do not need literary finger-posts, and those who are less enlightened are usually also less in earnest in their pursuit of the art, and do not care to take the trouble to read a book about the music at the time, or to file and study their analytical programmes afterwards.

A publication which would do something to spread, in a manner at once trustworthy and popular, the degree of knowledge of

the details of the art which would enable hearers to do their own analytics, would be more to the purpose than the fugitive literature of programmes. The want of a book of this kind seems in process of being admirably supplied by the new "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" * now appearing under the editorship of Mr. George Grove, who combines with a genuine enthusiasm for his subject a faculty of accurate and laborious investigation and clear literary expression which peculiarly fit him to superintend such a publication, and render his own contributions to it of special interest and value. His article on Beethoven, though necessarily comparatively restricted, is one of the most valuable and, within its limits, complete and well-balanced specimens of musical biography that has been offered to English readers; biography combined with just so much of critical analysis as may assist the reader in forming a right estimate of the composer's place in the art, without transgressing the proper objects of a dictionary article. The amount and variety of trustworthy information upon every subject connected with music which this work promises to render accessible to the public when complete, is very remarkable, and such as no work of the kind hitherto published in England can compare with. The appearance of a book of this kind on such a scale, and the fact that there is such a public for it as to render it worth undertaking, speak a good deal for the increased interest in music in the present day. There is only one feature in this excellent work that calls for a doubtful criticism: the presence in it of the element of musical partisanship, and of the special partialities and animosities of the group who represent the music militant of the modern school. This element is not so far very prominent; it is chiefly apparent in the contributions of one musician who, being a splendid and powerful pianoforte player, and a writer of extravagant critical effusions in very indifferent English, seems to suffer under an inverted reputation, his pianoforte playing being heard far too little and his writing seen a great deal too often. The short article on Hummel by this contributor, is simply a piece of temper directed against a composer whom he does not like, and even if a correct estimate of its subject (which may be questioned), that kind of tone is totally out of place in a dictionary. What kind of En-

* A reform in musical education seems equally necessary in regard to the upper and the lower classes in England. Few of those, ladies especially, who play or sing well as amateurs, have much knowledge of the scientific basis of music, or much critical perception in regard to style and musical form; and in regard to primary education in lower-class schools, the absolute stupidity of the system by which children are taught to sing merely "by ear," that is to say by having a tune hammered into them by repetition, instead of being taught to read the language of music, cannot be too strongly condemned, and for any educational purpose is worse than useless.

* The Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by George Grove, D.C.L. Vol. I. A to *Impromptu*. Macmillan & Co. 212.

glish the critics of this militant school are capable of one may realize in other articles by the same hand; how Chopin "appears to possess the secret to transmute and transfigure whatever he touches into some weird crystal, convincing in its conformation, transparent in its eccentricity" (which is certainly more than can be said of Mr. Dannreuther's own style). Berlioz, again, is "a colossus with few friends," "a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, indolently one-sided," etc. This sort of thing really ought not to be allowed in a dictionary; and one is thankful to find the editor going at all events so far as to refrain from quoting some passages from this critic's essay on Beethoven in a leading magazine, because it is "not suited to the bald rigidity of a dictionary article," a somewhat mild way of characterizing what was in the main a piece of turgid extravagance.* The point is prominently mentioned here because the articles on Liszt and Wagner have not yet appeared, and if (as there is too much reason to fear) they have been confided to critics of this school, they may prove a permanent blot on the dictionary by committing it to ill-regulated enthusiasms which can only be of temporary acceptance. Of course to such an objection the stereotyped retort will be ready, that Beethoven was considered rude and inartistic in his own day, and his now accepted works were met with hostile criticism: all which merely means that because a large number of persons cannot separate their critical view from the prejudices of their day, therefore no one can: which is a *non sequitur*. It is quite possible for people who have enough of "dry light," and are not so muddled-headed as to confound the conditions of art with those of science, and imagine that progress is a necessary condition of the former as of the latter, not only to distinguish the radical variance between Wagner's art and Beethoven's, but to recognize clearly enough the point at which Beethoven as an artist passed his zenith and lost some of his balance and com-

pleteness of style; more than anywhere, perhaps, in that choral finale of the Ninth Symphony which has been foolishly set forth as the culmination of his genius and the point to which it had always been tending, whereas in fact it is a grand but unequal and only partially satisfactory experiment, to which the next symphony, if he had lived to write it, would probably have borne no relation whatever. A great deal of mischief has been done by the importation of special pleading of this kind into recent musical criticism, the real object of which, as of all criticism, ought to be to obtain a clear and balanced view of the whole subject, and of which the rule (especially in a dictionary) should be emphatically, *Surtout, point de zèle*.

A difficulty, perhaps, in the way of influencing opinion by musical criticism lies in the fact that music is such a difficult thing to write about intelligibly to those who do not already know a good deal. This is the real answer to the question addressed to the present writer the other day, "Why are musical criticisms always so uninteresting?" It is certain that they are seldom written in good literary style, and yet so absorbing and entrancing an art is music, that to the lovers of it almost any piece of criticism is more or less interesting, which gives them any new fact or suggests any new idea, in however jejune a form. On the other hand, those who have no practical acquaintance with the art are repelled and annoyed by what seems to them an unmeaning and cabalistic phraseology, a phraseology which has grown up insensibly around the art, and cannot now be dispensed with or altered, any more than the accepted form of notation, also a growth of time and circumstance. If we say of a particular composition that "in the *Allegretto* a beautiful and mysterious effect is produced by the entry in the major key of the second subject of the movement—a broad and simple melody played by the clarionets and bassoons in octaves, and supported by an undulating *arpeggio* accompaniment in triplets by the violins, while at the same time the characteristic rhythm of the first subject is restlessly kept up by the heavy pulsation of the *pizzicato* of the violoncelli and basses,"—we should be saying what to the unmusical reader would probably be mere jargon. But the sentence, as a general description of the character and effect of the passage, would be quite intelligible to any one who knew musical phraseology, and any one well acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies will know at once what passage is

* It was, if we remember right, in this article (*Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876) that a set of quotations from Beethoven's sonatas were given in order to prove that Beethoven had anticipated and employed a certain modern trick of composition, called "metamorphosis of themes," whereby a single melodic idea is made to do duty for a whole symphony or concerto, squeezed into different shapes, or cut up into sections. It would be worth while for any one interested in vagaries of musical criticism to refer to these quotations, as an example of the kind of assertion that the apostles of the Liszt-Wagner school are capable of, in their efforts to force Beethoven into the strait-jacket of their own theories, and persuade the world that they are his legitimate successors.

described.* It is a pity that there is so much that must be called jargon connected with the art, but it must be accepted as an existing fact, and if musical and unmusical people wish to understand each other, the latter must study the language of the former. One particular usefulness of the dictionary we have been mentioning may be in furnishing every one with a compendious and full illustration of the meanings of musical terms, as well as with concentrated and intelligible essays upon important points in the forms and the science of musical composition. It may safely be said that more will be done to promote an intelligent comprehension of music by this kind of practical information, than by big reflections upon the moral lessons of Beethoven's works, and how he delivers messages of ethical teaching and of religious love and resignation, etc., etc. All this, as far as there is any ground for such reflections, we can best feel in silence for ourselves, while from their categorical declaration in print we are disposed to shrink, responding in the spirit of Jacques's criticism of the duke's sentimentalities — "We think of as many matters as he; but we give God thanks, and make no boast of them." H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

* One of the most interesting and piquant pieces of contemporary musical criticism is embodied in Mr. Browning's admirable bit of grotesque, "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," though many people have probably read it without the least idea that they were going through a dissertation as to the real value and meaning of the fugue form as elaborated by Bach and his school. The reader who knows the meaning will like it none the less; indeed, it may be doubted whether any non-musical reader would make out what the poet was driving at.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

HANNAH SNAITH'S money was soon reinvested, and she herself made joint guardian with Felix to Amabel and Delia de Berenger.

But even before that was accomplished she found herself in a different, in a lower, position. In fact, this was the case from the day she gave it up — almost from the hour; for she was staying at the rectory house, and made welcome to remain as long as she liked. She, therefore, began at once to help Jolliffe with all the household duties, which were greater than usual by the presence of Amias, her two little

girls, and last, but not least, of Miss de Berenger, with her maid.

Sarah had been invited to come and help to welcome "Ames," as she always called him. She perceived and mastered the facts of this new situation at once. Mrs. Snaith's cottage was down. There was no cottage empty in the village; there were no lodgings to be had near enough to admit of the children's daily attendance at the rectory to take their lessons. If she let them and their nurse depart, her scheme would all tumble into ruins. Felix would lose a certain small amount of profit that he derived from it, there would be no one to educate Dick, nothing to keep his "grandchildren" in the view or the mind of Sir Samuel, and an interesting mystery, which she herself had brought into notice, might be withdrawn.

She walked about the garden nodding at her own thoughts, and saying, "Yes," many times. She was excited, but, after a while, her movements became calmer. She resolved on action. "Dear Felix! Yes; how stupid men are! Better off, he says, than he could have expected — finds his income go further. Why, how should it be otherwise? He receives money, and pays in kind. It's true Bolton pays at less than market price, but Felix has the land for nothing, and does the labor himself, too; so he pays for little but for seed. The same with Ann Thimbleby. She educates Dick, and takes 'green meat' for her young sister instead of much of the coin she would, but for it, get for herself — Yes, I'll do it now." Accordingly, with what for her was almost a languid air, she went in-doors, and, in the course of conversation, asked Felix what was the exact income produced by the shares, etc., which had been made over to him.

Felix told her.

That he was to be joint guardian with her to these children had been gratefully mentioned by Mrs. Snaith herself, and was not a secret. Sarah revolved the sum in her mind as she slowly proceeded down the long passages of the house to an almost empty room, where Mrs. Snaith was sitting at work. To do her justice, she considered that, whatever she proposed, must certainly include a maintenance for the nurse, who, though she had been so very imprudent as very nearly to lose the children's money, had still meant so well by them that she had a full right to remain their attendant.

It certainly did occur to her, however, that this was a disadvantage. "She will be a very expensive servant," was her

thought, "and difficult to manage, perhaps, for she has been long independent. But for her undeniable claims, I could make Felix—yes! get a much less expensive person."

Mrs. Snaith was counting over and mending some clothes of her own and of the children's, which had fortunately been at the wash when her cottage was burned. This gave Sarah a natural opening for what she wanted to say. She sat down, took up a little frock, and admired it.

"Yes! Mrs. Snaith, how nice the little girls always look—so neatly and prettily dressed. I like your taste. Do you mind telling me what their clothes cost?"

"About thirteen pounds a year each, ma'am. I'm glad you like the looks of them."

"And you give twenty for their schooling?"

"Yes; and the rent was six pounds yearly. I reckoned that very cheap."

"I almost wonder how you managed."

"Oh, ma'am, very well indeed. I can get them to eat but little meat at present, bless them; so I took care they had plenty of milk and eggs, and those are cheap here."

"Then there is your own dress; you always look the picture of neatness."

This interest rather flattered the nurse.

"Well, ma'am, I got the whole of the eatables paid for, and sometimes a little beer, out of the rest of the income, and I had about twenty pounds left for myself, as I may call it."

Sarah was silent; she was cogitating.

Mrs. Snaith went on with her confidences. "The washing were the expense I could not stand, so I took it home, and almost always did it; but the last fortnight, thank goodness, I had put it out, because Jolliffe, being unwell, I wished to come and help her up at the rectory. But for that I should have lost all our clothes."

"Every word she says makes the matter easier," thought Sarah. "Yes. Twenty-six pounds for the children's dress, twenty pounds for what I'll call her wages, twenty for the schooling, sixty-six. Set aside four for doctors or a visit to the sea—that would leave eighty. Felix could do it—just do it. Thirty for her board, twenty-five for each child. In fact, it would be a profit to him (mem. not to tell him so). Yes; because I shall soon get the *girl* dismissed. Of course Mrs. Snaith could attend to the children, Dick included—do needlework; I know her. She would never sit with her hands before her. She

and Jolliffe would do everything; and instead of the wages and board of that girl, who eats more than anybody in the house, Felix might have that active little washerwoman to come every Saturday as a charwoman and do what scrubbing or cleaning there could be that they objected to. She brings home the clothes on Friday. Yes. Why, Felix would be a great gainer by it. Is there a chance, now, that it might be done? Two such capable women in the house—if only they were not jealous of one another! He would save nearly forty pounds a year by that girl's food and wages and breakages; and he'll never know how that's managed, unless I tell him. Such are men!"

She got up rather abruptly, putting down the pretty little frock with a thoughtful air, and walking away in deep cogitation, her bright red cheeks requiring to be cooled by frequent throwing back of the long curls.

Felix was just setting off to hold a service in an outlying part of the parish, where a schoolroom had been licensed for the purpose. Amias was with him. Sarah walked a little way beside them, the better to unfold her plan, in which she did not mention the eventual dismissal of the young servant then in the house, but only explained to Felix that he would lose nothing, and be a gainer, by the excellent services of Mrs. Snaith.

"What, come and live here as a servant," exclaimed Felix, "and accept twenty pounds a year! I am sure she would never think of such a thing. Why should she, aunt?"

"Why, she gets nothing but board and lodging and twenty pounds a year now," said Sarah.

"And independence," observed Felix, his aunt's words impressing him so little that he went on talking to his brother as if she had not interrupted him.

Sarah waited for a pause, and then she too went on as if she had not been interrupted. "But that was a very nasty little cottage that she lived in—always smelt of the dry rot. Only think how different it would be to live in a nice rectory house like yours! You might let her have that empty room on the ground floor as a kind of sitting-room for herself; it opens into the kitchen. And there are large rooms up-stairs that you make no use of."

"You'd better dismiss it from your mind, aunt," said Felix.

"It's no use talking to the old man when he's going to one of his services," said Amias.

Felix strode on; Sarah trotted beside him. Amias, meandering now before, now behind, jerked up a stone into the clear air, and his aunt thought it came down rather dangerously near to his feet.

"Oh yes, dismiss it, of course, Felix! And you, Amias, bring yourself to an untimely end, if you like, before my eyes! Pray don't mind *me*. Why, how is Ann Thimbleby to be paid, unless these children are here to be taught? and what house is there here now but yours? *Yes, you won't get a congregation for your saints' days' service, I can tell you, if you send away Ann Thimbleby and Mrs. Snaith, your best attendants!*"

Miss de Berenger knew that this last remark would tell. It did. Felix, for a moment, stood stock still.

"You'll have to shut up the church pretty often," she continued, "because you know it's not lawful to have a service without a congregation."

"Well?" said Felix, dreamily.

"And you don't like that?"

"No."

"What can you be thinking of, Felix? You do not seem to consider the importance of my words."

"Why, he's thinking," observed Amias, "that Mrs. Snaith cannot be expected to accept twenty pounds a year, and become a servant, in order that he may have a congregation on saints' days."

Here, coming near a stile, by which they had to enter the field they were to cross, Amias measured its height with his eye, took a short run, and sprang over it. "This time last year," he said to Felix, "you shirked that stile." Felix looked at him steadily, then he also took a short run, and cleared it easily.

"Before my very eyes!" exclaimed Sarah, "Oh, youth, youth! how thoughtless! Yes."

"You'd better dismiss it from your mind, aunt," repeated Felix, turning and regarding her from the other side of the stile. "I cannot think about it till after to-morrow. Perhaps something will turn up."

Then the brothers proceeded on their way together, and Sarah, who was arrayed in a salmon-colored gown, returned slowly to the house.

"The fact is, a different generation is never to be depended on to understand one," thought Sarah. "I'm sure Felix seems earnest and serious enough as a rule, and then all on a sudden, when you think you've got him, he shows the cloven foot of youth. The experience and wis-

dom that comes with years oppresses young people. To-morrow's Sunday. Let me see."

Sarah proceeded slowly to the house, and entered it by the back way.

Jolliffe, in the clean kitchen, was cutting thick bread and butter.

"How are you to-day, my good creature?"

"Better, ma'am, thank you kindly. Mrs. Snaith has been doing for me right and left."

"Ah, what a comfort she is in the house!"

"You may say that, ma'am; whereas with a girl you never know where you are. They make more work than they do, and they eat their heads off. I never looked to have to spend my precious strength cutting bread and butter for a servant-girl, but for all that I know better than to let her cut it for herself."

"Yes," said Miss de Berenger, who was very friendly with Jolliffe. "I wish there was a chance of your having Mrs. Snaith here always."

"Oh, ma'am," answered Jolliffe, "no such luck."

So her sentiments were ascertained. Miss de Berenger went again into the room where the nurse was sitting. Her own clock, her chairs and table, her best fender, and two or three other articles that had been saved, were arranged in it. Mrs. Snaith was darning socks now, and Sarah observed some of Dick's among them.

"How comfortable you look, Mrs. Snaith, with all your things about you—quite at home."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am. It were a kindness I never can repay Mr. de Berenger, taking me in till I can look round; it relieved me from so much discomfort."

"I should not at all mind seeing you always here," observed Sarah. "Nor would my nephew; but he seems to think you would not like the notion—in fact, he said I had better dismiss it from my mind. And yet, as I said to him, I cannot see where else you can possibly be; for it is not to be thought that, now my nephew has undertaken to be a guardian to the children, he would consent to them being taken quite away."

"Ma'am!" exclaimed the nurse, coloring deeply and putting down her work. She looked like a creature which has suddenly found out that it is tethered. The grass close around had proved so abundant and so sweet, that it had not hitherto stepped out far enough to feel the tugging of the string.

She took up the sock again and tried to go on with her work, but her hand trembled. There were going to be discussions; they would argue with her, and question her, even if they did not interfere.

Sarah, observing her discomfort, thought what a nervous woman she was. She had not seriously supposed, when she made that last speech, that Mrs. Snaith would consent to her whole plan; her uttermost hope was that, if higher wages were offered, she might agree to remain for a time, and then, by some further plan for her advantage, be induced to stay on.

Sarah had such a just confidence in her own powers of scheming, that she depended on herself to bring a further plan to light when it should be wanted, and her general way of proceeding was to state the matter at the worst, and then, if the conflicting party rejected it, to yield to objections and show advantages.

"Yes," she continued, "I had been wondering what you would do." Then she unfolded the plan she had concocted, adding, "Of course, if you lived here, you would not be called a servant; and, as you have told me, you only get board and lodging and about twenty pounds a year as it is. However, my nephew remarked that I had better dismiss it from my mind."

Sarah made and propounded many schemes, and had long ago learned to be philosophical as to the utter rejection of some of the best and most impartial, as well as to receive without obvious elation the adoption of some of those most to her own advantage. She propounded, and then observed.

Mrs. Snaith, as usual, took refuge in silence, so Sarah presently perceived that there was some hope of her consent. She therefore went on.

"This room is very like a nursery. It could be yours if you came. I never liked the miserable little attic — no air in it — where the darlings slept in that cottage. They could have a room five times as large here, and three times as high. So, of course, *they* would be better off here; there is no doubt it would be for *their* advantage to remain. Yes? Well, of course, if that is so, and as you are fond of them, you would, I conclude, wish them to stay; and then you would stay too? You would not like to leave them; you are too fond of them for that? Still, as my nephew said, something might turn up."

Mrs. Snaith was not startled by this hint of a possibility that she might leave the children for their own good, for so the

questioning tone made her read the meaning of these words. She noticed that Sarah still stuck to the notion that the children were her relations, but her mind was too much on the stretch now for such a feeling as surprise. Was there not a course open to her which would provoke no discussion at all, admit of no opposition, lead to no questioning? Yes, there was; and yet was it not such a manifestly disadvantageous course for her, that, if she fell into it at once, Jolliffe and all her acquaintances of her own class would wonder at her?

She looked about her, and felt the truth of what had been said; the accommodation was much better — so much more air and space. She was shrewd enough to notice that it was Miss de Berenger, and not the rector, that had thought of this plan. She observed, with the quickness of one used to money matters in a small way, that though the children would live better than they had done, and only the same sum be spent on their board by her, yet, as an abundance of milk, eggs, and vegetables came from the rectorial cow, poultry-yard, and garden, the rector would be a considerable gainer. He had the land required for this produce free of rent. Now, what was she asked to give up besides her independence? Her heart fluttered, her color changed, her hand trembled, as she thought this over. She was willing to efface herself utterly, if need were, but not to dare discussion.

"Ma'am," she said at last, "such a — such a kind offer as this require some time to think over."

"Oh, certainly," answered Sarah, greatly surprised, and inclined, by the expression "kind," to believe that the proposition really might be as good a one for Mrs. Snaith as for Felix — or, at any rate, that she thought so.

"I can stay, and no questions asked," thought the other. "And if I had to leave them — if poor Uzziah came out, and there was any fear of his finding me — where could I leave them so safe as they are here, leave the money behind for them as well? Yes, my precious dears, mother'll do this for you too."

In the rectory house that night, housed in a large, comfortable room, Mrs. Snaith lay awake all night considering matters. It was bitter to give up her independence, but there was safety in it. First, because no one belonging to her would believe that she would give it up, and look for her in domestic service. Secondly, because it would mark and make wider the apparent

difference of station between her and the children. They would be in the parlor, and she in the kitchen. What between these cogitations and the effects of her late alarm and excitement, which, after an interval of slumber, were roused again by this second cogitation, she was very restless and nervous all Sunday, and laid herself down again at night, dreading inexpressibly what she had to do, and yet, as the weary, wakeful hours bore on, deciding more fully that it should be done, and that she would do it.

Felix was rather an intellectual man, but by no means intelligent; that is, he could think better than he could observe. He liked to cogitate over principles, and he disliked details. His own habits were most simple, self-denying, and economical; but he had no notion how to cut down household expenses, and in all domestic matters he was quite at the mercy of the womankind about him.

Hannah Snaith, while she perceived that Miss de Berenger had made a scheme which was very much to her nephew's advantage, was quite sure he did not know it, and naturally would not be enlightened by his aunt. Everybody understood Miss de Berenger better than Felix did. Jolliffe and Mr. Bolton had confidently declared that Miss Sarah would go home on Tuesday. Mrs. Snaith was also sure she would. Why? For this reason. Miss de Berenger had driven herself over on the previous Wednesday in her pony-carriage, and had not brought a bag of oats in the back of the vehicle for the creature's food as usual; there was nothing found there but a longish cord for a tether. For behind the little paved court once before mentioned, was a small turfed drying-ground, containing about four perches. The grass was rather long. Miss de Berenger had the pony tethered to a tree in one corner of it, that this excellent feed might not be wasted. The pony was not proud; he was accustomed to get his living where he could. Miss de Berenger added threepence a day to the boy Andrew's wages to attend him. He had already consumed the grass in the four corners of the drying-ground; on Monday he would be tethered on the little bit in the middle that he had not been able to reach, and, therefore, on Tuesday evening, when he had eaten all, Miss de Berenger, it was certain, would go away.

Miss de Berenger had no scruple in taking this grass, since Felix would not permit the cow to be turned in on it, because she was too restless to bear the tether, and if at large she got into the garden.

On Monday morning Hannah Snaith was admitted again to the rector's study. She began, "If you please, sir, Miss de Berenger — she proposes a scheme. I've thought it over, and —"

"Oh yes, yes," said Felix, setting a chair for her, and feeling as if his aunt had taken a liberty; "pray dismiss that from your mind. I believe my aunt felt that it would be awkward for me to be guardian to these little ones, unless they were near at hand." He forgot that his whole household would fall to pieces if she withdrew, but that was because he was thinking of her side of the question, not his own.

She answered simply, and without taking the chair. "Yes, sir; and that's what I feel too."

Felix looked at her.

"If my dear young ladies have a chance of living in your house, brought up with your little brother, sir, I seem to think I ought not to deprive them of it."

"But the fact is," said Felix, a slight tinge of red showing in his dark cheek, "I am not well off; a proportion of their money would have to go to pay me for their board."

She saw he did not like discussing the money with her.

"Sir," she answered, "when I'm your servant — as I hope to be — I can never talk so freely, and that, as I can now. So I'll say once for all, I expect I shall be lodged and boarded better than I have been, and I look to get the same sum for myself — twenty pounds. That is what Miss de Berenger thought."

"Yes," said Felix, looking at her. As she did not choose to seat herself, he was standing also. "Well, Mrs. Snaith, I suppose you know your own business best." And yet he seemed doubtful.

"I suppose I do, sir; but there's one thing it's fair I should say — it's my great confidence in you, sir, make me think I may."

"It's coming at last," thought Felix. "I will respect your confidence, Mrs. Snaith, whatever it may be."

"I'm not a widow, sir."

"No?" said Felix, in a tone of pity and inquiry.

"No, sir; my poor husband's alive. I fare to think people would look down on me, if they knew the truth; but not you, sir — not you."

All in a moment, after years of silence, she had been surprised into saying these words. His trust in her was so complete, he was so honorable — as far as he knew — that he had overcome her, and sick at

heart, and choked with sobs, she sat down of her own accord, and wept and bemoaned herself before him with passionate irrepressible tears.

"My poor husband is a convict, sir; he was sentenced for fourteen years," she said, when she recovered herself. "If I live under your roof, I fare to think you have a right to know it. But when I came into this room, I didn't mean to tell it, neither." She dried her eyes and almost coldly rose; her passion and sorrow was over.

"My poor friend," said Felix. "I am sorry."

That was all, but often afterwards the words, so quietly spoken, were a comfort to her. He meant them, and his pity would last.

"My poor friend. I am sorry."

"You'll keep it to yourself, sir?"

"Yes."

She had not told him what he had expected to hear, but her sudden grief had made him forget this. He had certainly thought of her as a widow, perhaps on account of that very phrase that she sometimes used, "My poor husband!" So in those parts of the country they always speak of the dead. The same phrase had made others also think of her as a widow, and if any had disparaging thoughts concerning her, they certainly never supposed she had a living husband to conceal, but rather that perhaps she had no right to the ring. For, of course, she had to pay for her great silence; her cautious reticence could not but be noticed, and why should people be so wonderfully chary of their words unless they have some secret to keep that is not to their advantage?

CHAPTER XIV.

Now, Amias always comforted himself with a flattering conviction that he was no prig.

He would not touch strong drink, because he knew that the abuse of it made his countrymen wicked and poor, and he had thrown up his prospects, and made no use of opportunities to have them back.

He abstained, not that he was quite sure, but that he supposed, every instance of abstinence was likely to do good. He had thrown up his prospects on the spur of the moment, and almost before he had fully made up his own mind.

His conscience had, as it were, tricked him into action; it was afterwards that, revolving the matter, his reason approved.

It is a fearful thing for a young man to

be thought a prig — almost as bad, so to speak, as being suspected of burglary. The companions of Amias were so kind as to admit that he certainly was no prig. What, then, is a prig? They did not exactly know, or at any rate they could not in so many words have characterized what here, in default of a better, receives this definition.

A prig is one who makes, and prides himself on making, such confident and high profession of his opinions, whatever these may be, that though he should act upon them never so consistently, his words will, notwithstanding, tower above and seem to dwarf his actions.

If this definition is a fair one, then Amias was the perfect contrary, the fine reverse of a prig.

With little more than an instinct towards the right, and on the first admonishing of conscience, he had plunged into action; much as a man will plunge into a river to save some drowning person. When this last has been safely brought to the brink, his bold deliverer, with a quart at least of cold water in his own stomach, may reflect that the stream was stronger than he had supposed, the water deeper, that he is not a first-rate swimmer himself. What if they had both gone down together?

But when his sister says to him, "Tom," or "Dick," as the case may be, "you were rash, you might have been drowned," he has already had time to think the matter out, and justify the action by the result.

"Nonsense, my dear," he answers. "I am all right. I am glad I did it. I would do it again!"

And he would do it again. He knows enough of himself now to be sure that he certainly should do it again. Does he therefore, to keep himself out of danger, eschew the banks of the river? No, but in more perfect and accomplished style, he learns to swim.

There is nothing like action to show a man what he really is. It may have been hidden from this very young fellow's eyes that he cared enough for his own brother, the one he liked best, to risk his life for him. Till the decisive moment came he had not perhaps the remotest suspicion that he cared for human life in the abstract; and here he stands dripping, having risked his own to save that of an absolute stranger. For the future he knows all. He perceives the awful and mysterious oneness of humanity, how it draws the units to the whole. He is not independent, as he may have thought; he is a part of all.

This is why a man who has saved life, hardly ever boasts of it, or prides himself on it. Such, particularly the uneducated, will not unfrequently try to slink away, going silently, as if some knowledge or feeling had come to them that was not perfectly welcome.

On the Sunday after the fire a remarkable circumstance occurred. Sir Samuel de Berenger invited Amias to dinner. Sir Samuel had only returned to his country place a few days previously. He went to church in all state, as he commonly did on a Sunday morning, and behold, there was Amias in the rectory pew. He was growing up to be a fine young fellow, taller than Felix, well-made, and brown. He was looking about him as if he was pleased to be at home again, and not in the least conscious that he had made a fool of himself. Perhaps he hadn't, but it cannot be expected that his uncle or the congregation generally would think so.

Sir Samuel looked at him several times; quite naturally, and as if it could not be helped, their eyes met. "Young dog," thought the old man, not at all displeased; "how perfectly he carries it off! You would have me think you don't care, would you!"

Amias, of course, could not know how many hundreds of times the old great-uncle had wished him back again. John was dead, Tom was gone; but that was not all. The old fellow constantly told himself, how the longer he lived the more his conscience became enlightened, and the more he suffered from the perversity of his father's descendants, who would not let him be just and generous to them. All that he meant, however, to do at present, was to make a clerk of Amias, and give him a salary; in fact, to condone the past.

He was always wishing to have him back again, and if Amias had known from the beginning that such was the case, it might have had a great effect upon him. That he did not know, appears, therefore, to be a good thing or a bad thing according to the judgment one may form of his conduct.

In the porch, after service, old Sam greeted his niece Sarah and the two little girls. He then spoke to Amias, who was behind, and, with a cordiality, the more pleasant because it was unexpected, invited him to dinner.

Amias accepted. He was pleased that old Sam should thus make overtures of peace. His pride was flattered, for though he took special care not to seem aware

that he was reckoned a foolish, wrong-headed young fellow, he felt it. When the wind blows strongly in one's face, it is difficult not to put down one's head.

Amias told no one in the house excepting Felix, who instantly said, "Why didn't he ask me too?"

"It was rude of him," answered Amias, "and queer; I was just now thinking so. If you like I'll send and decline."

Felix paused. It was no ridiculous feeling that he himself had been neglected which had led to the sudden exclamation.

"He's a mean old boy," said Amias, disrespectfully. "I hear he pays the fellow he got in my place even less than he paid me."

"That alone would be enough to decide him against what I suspected," thought Felix. "How absurd I am!—You had much better go," he said aloud. "Only keep clear of the matter you quarrelled about. It does not become you to dispute with such an old man, and at his own table."

"Oh!" said Amias, "you don't think I shall have a chance, do you? Most likely he has a dinner party, and wants me to make the table even."

When Amias arrived, however, he found himself the only guest, and felt that he could have enjoyed his dinner more if his dress-coat had not been so exceedingly tight; in fact, he had not worn it for a year. And, having been accustomed for that period to take his chop alone in his dingy lodgings, he was at first uncomfortably conscious of the footmen's eyes, their stealthy movements, and constant assiduities.

He had just been making a firm resolution that he would go out to dinner no more till he could afford a new dress-coat, when the last servant withdrew, after the meal, as quietly as a cat, and shut the door behind him. Then Amias began to perceive, as by a kind of instinct, that his old uncle had been waiting for this occurrence, that he had something to say, and was now about to speak.

So far as appeared, Amias was rather young for his years—as a rule, thoughtless. He still had a boy's delight in mischief. He did not love work; a boat-race would rouse him to a ridiculous pitch of enthusiasm; a cricket match was far more important than a government defeat, or anything of that sort. As he now sat waiting, he again felt how tight his coat was, took up a particularly fine strawberry, and while cogitating with discomfort as to

what could be coming, appeared to gaze at it with interest, and almost with curiosity.

"Amias," said Sir Samuel, with a serious and slightly pompous air, "your brother Felix has, of course, been made aware of my invitation?"

"Oh yes, uncle," answered Amias, diligently eating his strawberries.

"What remark did he make upon it?"

Amias, taken by surprise, looked up. It seemed out of the question to repeat the remark in question, and, of course, he had not forgotten it.

"What remark did he make upon it?" repeated the old man. He saw that Amias looked a little confused.

"It was nothing particular that he said, uncle," replied Amias, in a blundering fashion. "I couldn't exactly repeat it to you."

"Why not?" asked Sir Samuel. He himself was not so much at his ease as usual. He never doubted that Felix had expressed pleasure at this move towards a reconciliation. Perhaps he had told his young brother he must make some sort of apology for the past. If Amias shirked the repetition of such a speech (and what other could Felix have made?), Sir Samuel did not see how he could continue the conversation. He looked hard at Amias, with an air of reproof and admonition; whereupon a slight tinge of red showed itself through the healthy brown of the cheek, and Amias blurted out, —

"What Felix said was, 'Why didn't he ask me too?'"

"Very natural, nephew parson," thought the old man. "You see what I am about, and would like, if I take the boy back, to tie me down as regards the future; but I think I'll manage it myself, nephew parson, if you have no objection. You would like to come back again into the country, I dare say, Amias, among your own people, and that sort of thing?" he continued aloud.

"Yes, I should, uncle, of course; I hate London."

"I take for granted that you regret the foolish escapade which — which led to your being sent away."

Amias looked up. The manner was rather kind; but he thought, "This is mean of the old boy; he is going to give me a wiggling at his own table;" and instead of making a set answer to Sir Samuel's suggestion, he followed his own thoughts to a point where they became urgent for utterance, and then blurted out, "If I hadn't told you myself what I'd done, nobody

else would have told you. You might never have found it out to this day."

"Quite true," answered the old uncle, still more graciously and pompously. "I have thought the better of you ever since for that proper straightforwardness. I have frequently said, when people have remarked to me on your folly, 'But there was much that was gentlemanlike in my nephew's behavior. I am not altogether displeased with him.' I say again, Amias, would you like to come back?"

"Back here?" exclaimed Amias, at last understanding him — "back to the concern? — back to you?" And his air of astonishment threw Sir Samuel off his guard.

"Yes, back here. Why not, if I am content to forget the past, and you are anxious to retrieve it?"

"You couldn't have a fellow back who is a teetotaler — a fellow that would stand on the beer-barrels and preach at the people not to buy the stuff!"

"You stand on the beer-barrels! You preach at people!" exclaimed Sir Samuel, so astonished at the grotesque picture that he could not be very angry yet. "Do you mean to tell me that you are so lost to all sense of what befits your age, and your rank in life, and your future respectability, that you can stand on a beer-barrel and rant like a demagogue?"

Amias, in spite of himself, for he was very nervous, burst into a short laugh. "You are very kind, uncle," he answered; "and — well, I never expected it. No, I never lectured yet, excepting that once. But I should if I came here. I am sure I could not help it! I am a great deal worse than I used to be; for now I wish all the gin-palaces were blown up, and I should be glad if half the beer-barrels were kicked into the sea. When I went away, uncle, I felt as if it was extremely hard that I should be obliged to think about strong drink in such a way as to ruin my prospects; but now — I — I don't care. There must be some fellows to think the inconvenient things and do them; in fact, if there were not, the world would never get better. But I did not suppose you could be so kind and forgiving. I am very much obliged to you."

At the commencement of this speech Sir Samuel felt such rage and amazement that he was speechless. As Amias went on, much more slowly, and taking more thought, a sudden revulsion, caused by what seemed the strangeness of his words, made the old man shiver. All was useless. Why had he thus demeaned himself?

His money was nothing, his kindness was set at nought; he was mastered by a mere youth, who had not a shilling. But when with boyish simplicity, and a sort of whimsical pathos, Amias went on to say how he had at first considered it hard that he should be obliged so to think as to ruin his prospects, and when he added, "But now I don't care," then Sir Samuel, worldly and shallow though he might be, believed that he was hearing of somewhat to be feared, and not gainsaid; something not of this world, though familiar to the Christian creed. It had asserted itself and been obeyed. It was very inconvenient, but it was always to have its way, and Amias did not seem to recognize it by name, or know what its strivings meant.

Rather a long pause followed. Sir Samuel poured himself out a glass of claret, and sipped it slowly. Amias having no wine to occupy him, and no fruit on his plate, looked hard out of the window into the lovely, peaceful park, and towards a wood. Little more than a year ago, he had robbed several feathered mothers there. He wished it was spring; and oh, how he wished this dinner was over! Oh that Felix had indeed been invited to it also, for then he should not have had to tell him of it afterwards! And why did not old Sam speak? Was he so stumped with astonishment, that he disdained to say a word more?

Amias would have been much surprised if he could have read his old uncle's thoughts just then, and how, not without a certain reverence, he revolved in his mind a familiar sentence which begins, "Lest haply —"

He was rapidly calming. The matter had settled itself. He must find out some other way to benefit that family. Amias would be of no use to him as he was, and he would not take the responsibility of trying to change him.

When he did speak, it was so kindly that the words gave Amias a click in his throat, that made him miserably uncomfortable. He resented that too — would have liked a "wiggling" better. Sir Samuel observed that he was in low spirits, and got more and more dull as the evening went on.

"I'd better go," he said, as the darkness came on, "if you'll excuse me, uncle. I've got to tell Felix."

"Felix will be vexed?" asked Sir Samuel, quite in a friendly tone.

"Yes," said Amias, gloomily; "of course."

Then the old man acted in a way to sur-

prise his nephew and himself. He remarked to Amias, that about a year and a half ago he had promised to give him a nag. Amias remembered the promise, and how he had felt that the beast had received this somewhat disparaging name that no very high expectations might be formed as to his merits. "I shall give you the money instead," quoth the old uncle; and preceding Amias into the lighted library, he actually sat down to his writing-table, and then and there wrote a cheque for the sum of £38 10s. "Just such a nag as I meant to give you was sold out of my stable a week ago for that sum," he said. "There, Amias, you will understand that any displeasure I may have felt against you has ceased."

Amias accepted the cheque humbly. It was so unexpected under the circumstances, and so unlike the donor to give it, that he felt as if he had been put in the wrong utterly. He seemed to have made himself ridiculous and to be forgiven. He had thrown away his prospects now twice, and yet he had to feel like a sneak; he could not do it with a high hand. What amount of fun there might have been in the future must now be thrown after those prospects, and lost as they were, for of course he could never come and oppose old Sam in the town or in his own neighborhood now. No. And yet he did not even wish that his peculiar notions had never made a lodgment in his breast. Some fellows must have inconvenient thoughts; so it was, and so it would be.

The old man and the young took leave of one another. Amias went off toward home, telling himself what a lucky dog he was to have thirty-eight pounds ten shillings in his pockets, keeping up a smart run, and every now and then raising a boyish whoop or shout. He scarcely allowed to himself that he wanted to keep up his spirits, and was defying himself and fate, but when he left the open carriage drive, which was white and clear in the moonlight, and had to find and slowly feel his way under the trees in the solemn darkness of the summer night, he began to feel that ominous click in his throat again.

One or two whoops meant to be hilarious came out in feeble and wavering style, and when at last he emerged from the wood and saw lying in its shadow the great fallen trunk of a tree lately felled, he was fain to throw himself upon it and cry out, "I know the old man will think this hard." He meant his brother Felix, and having so said, he dropped his face in his

hands and sobbed for about two minutes as if his heart would break.

Moaning, and yet enraged, and deeply ashamed of himself—"To think that at my age I should demean myself to howl!"—he dried his eyes. Something moved before him, and, startled, he sprang to his feet. A man stood just beyond the shadow, covered with moonlight. Felix.

"Oh, it's you, old fellow."

"Yes. Don't knock me down."

"How did you know I was here?" exclaimed Amias, choking down the heavings of his chest with a mighty sob.

"I was coming to meet you, and saw you go into the wood. I shall think it hard, shall I?"

"Felix, you know I like you better than any one in the world—far better."

"Yes; but what shall I think hard? Has old Sam been proposing to you to come back? I thought he would."

"Did you, Felix?" said Amias, ruefully.

"If you accepted, I shall think it hard."

Amias immediately sprang at him, and hugged him.

"How could you think otherwise, you young scamp?" said Felix, when he was released.

"It's all right, then," exclaimed Amias, immensely relieved. The last remainder of the storm rolled off with a final heaving of the chest. "I was miserable because I thought you would be so vexed. If I'd only known," he added, with deep disgust against himself, "I wouldn't have made such a muff of myself. You'll—of course you will never mention it?"

"Certainly not," said Felix, affectionately.

Owls were hooting all round them; the valley was full of mysterious shadows and confusing shafts of moonlight; little hollows had ghostly white mists lying in them. Presently a large white creature, with eyes like a cat's, skimmed past them close to the grass, silent as a dream; a fluffy bunch of down, her newly fledged young one, after her. They disappeared in the wood. Amias, with a great whoop, gave chase, and Felix shouting after him with all his might to remember the pond, and keep well up the side of the hollow, the whole place seemed to wake up and fill itself with echoes, as if twenty De Berengers instead of two were in it, and were throwing their voices at one another.

When echo repeats a man's voice, she always gives it with a difference. Felix could have declared it was his dead father crying out to Amias to beware of the water, and John de Berenger, who was lying in

the Ceylon forest, that answered with fainter repetitions, "It's all right—all right—all right."

From The Spectator.

THE SHRINE OF POVERTY.

OF all the minor disadvantages of travel which have accompanied the substitution of the locomotive for the coach, perhaps none is so real an evil as the very partial impression an ordinary traveller derives from a short visit to some interesting land. When Rome and Florence, for instance, are brought within the compass of a day's journey, the tourist is little likely to care to break his journey for comparatively obscure cities, much less villages, scurries past "reedy Thrasymene" without recognition, and scarce notices the towers and churches of Perugia, rising green and grey on the mountain-side. Still less likely is our tourist to arrest his comet-like progression at a rough country station, some fourteen miles from the old Etruscan city, a station where very obviously neither guard nor porter expects him to alight, and which he has some difficulty in identifying by the help of a nearly illegible inscription, as Assisi. And yet there was a time when this forgotten town played no inconsiderable part in the world's history, and was the central seat of an order that reckoned princes among its followers, and practically divided with the Dominicans the spiritual sovereignty of Europe. And even now, if any very strong-minded traveller should be able to defy the ominous silence of Bradshaw and the neglect of Cook, and more regardful of what has been, than what is, spend a few days in the home of poverty, he will not regret we think, in after years, his deviation from the accustomed routine of travel; nay, if he gain no other advantage, he will at least have had a brief space in which to take quiet breath, ere the red-books and the *valet de place* are again in requisition, ere St. Peter's becomes No. 17 in the often consulted plan, and Rome takes "at least a week to see properly." For at Assisi there is *no hurry*, and so strong is the spirit of the place that the most energetic tourist quickly succumbs to it; even those who rush over here from Perugia for a day's excursion treading softly, ere they have been a couple of hours in the city of St. Francis. And now we will suppose that "our uncommercial traveller" has safely escaped the clutches of the three or four inn touts

whom his arrival has roused into unwonted energy, and consigning his bag to the least ill-favored, has set out manfully along the dusty road leading from the station to the town; for be it noted that Assisi is not strong in equipages, and the solitary rough wooden box denominated omnibus, is hardly an attractive conveyance at first sight, though ere long the traveller begins to look upon it as an old friend, as it is to be found during the greater part of the day, standing about in various unexpected parts of the town, being apparently left wherever it has taken a passenger. One further violence we must do to the mind of the well-instructed tourist, namely, to beg that he will not accept guidance, or torment himself with details, archæological or otherwise, but simply open his eyes to all the quiet influences of past devotion and present beauty which he will find around him. And first, he will see by the side of the road a vast church, in the most uninteresting style of Renaissance architecture, not unlike a small edition of St. Peter's. This is St. Mary of the Angels, little notable, save for its size, and a small chapel it contains, where St. Francis first assembled his few followers. In it there is little to be seen, — a spoil fresco, by Perugino, walls dark with age, save where, here and there, the dim lamplight falls upon the silver offerings of penitence and thanksgiving; and some carved doors, more curious than beautiful. These need not delay us much from the steep ascent to the town. Another dusty mile of road, and Assisi lies before and above us, rising a confused mass of tiled roofs and massive walls, from the grey depths of the olive groves which surround it. Not only on a mountain, but of the mountain, does the town seem to be built, the ponderous blocks of dim red and dusty yellow stone, scarcely seeming to have more the characteristics of houses than of the cliffs above, save where, here and there, a square tower of church or fortification lifts itself into clear pre-eminence of definition, from the tumbled confusion of roofs, walls, and buttresses. Another turn in the long, winding road, and the great attraction of the few sight-seers who visit Assisi, — the convent of St. Francis, with what Bradshaw calls its "three superb churches," stands revealed. Picture to yourself a long mass of building, standing upon a double range of tall arches, and pierced with a multitude of small windows. This is the convent building itself; beyond it, on a level with its roof, rises the church of St. Francis, with its square campanile. Of the same dull-yellowish

color as the other buildings of the town, there is little beauty in the church from this point of view, save that of massive strength, and a certain simplicity of design which, when carried out upon so large a scale, almost amounts to grandeur. So, leaving the convent on our left, we enter beneath a massive square tower the first street of the city. It is difficult to say whence comes the sense of extreme desolation which oppresses us, not from the absence of life certainly, for at this point there are commonly a few of the villagers and townspeople chatting round an old fountain, and on every side resounds the squeaking of the pigs, that every well-to-do inhabitant of Assisi keeps tethered on the ground-floor of his house. Nor is it that there are no signs of commercial enterprise, for we notice a few of the hammered brass and copper jars and cauldrons glimmering dimly in the recesses of one of the dark shops, and a few strings of onions and other vegetables in another. Is it something, we wonder, in the construction of the town itself, in its rough-hewn blocks of dusty stone, its huge buttresses, its blocked-up arches, its weather-beaten tiles, the defacement of its ruined fountains, and the general appearance of enormous toil with which the city must have been constructed? Or is it still more the case, that even at the first glance we connect the appearance of the town and the state of the superstition to which it owes its existence; whose power changed the small Etrurian village into a shrine of the deepest sanctity and proudest priesthood, and having done its work for good and evil, faded gradually away, and now finds voice only on the trembling lips of the half-dozen monks who are all that remain at Assisi of the famous brotherhood? For whatever reason, the place is desolate, desolate as no place can be which has not once been great; and as we ascend the street, the impression deepens. Few of the houses have glass to their windows; the old arched entrances are blocked up with rough stone, and low, square doorways supply their place; the ground-floor of the house is commonly used as a store-room, a stable, or a piggery. The upper windows show us nothing within that we are accustomed to connect with ideas of domestic comfort. Even the massive ironwork seems to partake of the general desolation, and is coated with the grey dust of centuries. Here and there we pass a fountain, generally situated in a small, grass-grown open space, with a couple of earthen pitchers left to fill themselves leisurely; and

over all there is still the sense of death in life, needing a vigorous effort on our part to endure. We begin to think there was some sense in that philistine American we met at Florence, who smiled so scornfully at our determination to visit Assisi, and to have thoughts of the next train to a more lively spot. However, food and wine at the modest little hotel quickly dissipate our loneliness; our musings on St. Francis and his monks assume a more pleasant complexion, and by the time we find our way down the long street to the convent, we are in a fit mood to appreciate any beauty or pleasure which we may chance to find there. And indeed he would be hard to please who could be discontented with the enjoyment here provided, for, whether it be nature or art for which his "thirsty soul doth pine," here he may satiate himself at leisure.

Let us pause a little before entering the church, and cast our eyes over the scene before us. We stand on a little terrace half-way up the town, looking down upon tiled roofs, grey walls, and greyer olive groves, interspersed with some brighter greens of acacia and poplar. Beneath us, winding away in long perspective, is the road to the station, with the tall dome of St. Mary of the Angels forming a prominent blot upon the landscape, and breaking the level monotony of the plain. On the right a broad river-bed, nearly dry at the present season, stretches a snake-like course towards Perugia, the towers of which are just visible in the distance. In front of us the valley of the Tiber stretches away for miles and miles, broken only by long lines of poplars and tiny villages, which from the height at which we stand, only show as gleaming spots in the sunshine. In the extreme distance, purple mountains enclose the valley on every side, and immediately behind us rises the mountain on which Assisi is built, crowned with a ruined citadel, and black against the sky the sharp pinnacles of cypress-trees. Whichever way one turns there is beauty, — in the quaint architecture of the old town, in the wild growth of the ancient olive-trees, and their delicate tints of greyish-green and silver; in the brighter colors of the plain, with its broad stretches of sunshine and little shadows of cloud; in the ranges of mountains, the darkness of the cypresses, and the brightness of the sky. And so muttering within ourselves that the old monk was no bad judge of scenery, after all, we turn in beneath the broad portico of the church. We will not

attempt to describe more than its general effect, and indeed that is best done by simply saying that it closely resembles that of St. Mark, at Venice. In detail, there is hardly the least similarity; but in depth of light and shade, in profusion of rich color gleaming on every hand, in the general effect of its round arches, mosaic pavement, and glimmering lamps the similarity is striking. If the lover of nature found the prospect without to his mind, the lover of art can hardly fail to be as satisfied with the prospect within. Above the high altar shine the four greatest works of Giotto, and to right and left of the choir, roof and wall are covered with frescoes by Giotto, Cimabue, Memmi, Gaddi, and others, every inch of space being filled with paintings. Chapel after chapel opens in long series from the choir, each rich in paintings, even the huge round arches of the nave are painted in delicately involved patterns to represent mosaics of colored marble. Here our travellers may well rest in silent wonder, that so much beauty remains unvisited, for unvisited it is by nine out of every ten tourists who pass by the gates of Assisi. There is, perhaps — we will even say probably — no building within the limits of the civilized world, in which so much color-beauty is concentrated as in that of the lower church at Assisi. For five hundred years have these walls glowed like jewels through the "dim, religious light," and the setting sun has lighted up with still greater glory the golden haloes of their pictured saints; for five hundred years have prayers and praise run along these massive arches and echoed up the mountain-side; and now prayer and picture are fading alike; the most damaged fresco on the walls is hardly so maimed as the rite it witnesses, the vilest restoration, no greater parody on the original than are those few poor monks, parodies of their ancient order. It is, we think, impossible for any one with a heart which is not entirely dead to all human sympathies not to be greatly moved at this combination of fading art and faded faith, but it is a feeling the power of which we can hardly hope to explain to our readers, apart from the influences which produced it. The *religio loci* is, of all other influences, the one which is least capable of deliberate analysis, and the combination between extreme color-beauty and a peculiar solemnity of feeling one which many people even deny the existence of. Let us enter the sacristy and ascend the narrow stair which leads us to the upper

church. Here all is changed; the impression is one of light rather than gloom, of delicate grace rather than rough-hewn strength. The lower church seems as if it were a cavern, hollowed out of some mountain of precious stones; the upper is like the wreath of colored spray tossed aloft from the foot of a waterfall. Here, too, on roof, pillar, and wall, there are paintings innumerable and priceless, the greater part of which are undergoing destruction either by damp or restoration, only a few being left in fair condition. It may well be that we did not give to this upper church the same careful attention as to the lower, for it seemed to us that it was the lower in which all the real essence of the place and its history were concentrated; but still there is enough beauty even in the upper building to give much delight, without entering upon the detailed study of the frescoes. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the other interesting portions of the town, of its quaint and often beautiful architecture, or of the many glorious walks along the mountain to be taken therefrom. No more impressive hill scenery are we acquainted with than that which surrounds Assisi, though

it is of a somewhat gloomy character. The olive and the cypress are almost the only trees to be seen on one side of the town, and the mountains slope abruptly down to a narrow valley, though which foams a mountain torrent. In the immediate neighborhood, are the spots connected with the actual life of St. Francis and St. Chiara (the saint who was the first of his female followers), the most interesting of which is the hermitage of St. Francesco, lying in a cleft of the mountain, some two miles from the town. Many another church and monument is there of interest in this place, but we have outstayed our space and, we fear, our readers' patience; so let us take the midnight train to more civilized Florence, throw behind us the dreamy idleness of the few days we have spent amongst traditions of saint and miracle, and leave Assisi sleeping upon the mountain-side, in its accustomed solitude. In one last look from our comfortable first-class carriage, we see the convent and the sharp points of its surrounding cypresses dark against the clear starlight, and in another instant the train has swept on out of the shadow of the mountain, and we are in the nineteenth century once more.

A CELEBRATED RUNNER. — The pedestrian feats of the present day are, the *Boston Journal* says, cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernst Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the English navy, early in the present century. Mensen first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth in nine hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool in thirty-two hours. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino, in 1827, he left the navy and became a professional runner. After winning a number of matches he undertook the feat of running from Paris to Moscow. Starting from the Place Vendôme at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at ten o'clock A.M. on June 25, having accomplished the distance of 1,760 miles in thirteen days and eighteen hours. The employment of Mensen as a courier-extraordinary soon became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, bearing messages of congratulation, condolence, or despatches, and always beat mounted couriers when matched against them. He never walked, but invariably ran, his only refreshment being one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per

day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in twenty-four hours. These rests he took standing; and, leaning against a tree or other support, at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. After the nap he pursued his way as much refreshed as though he had slept for hours. In 1836, while in the employ of the East India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of despatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. At last he was employed to discover the source of the Nile. Setting out from Silesia on May 11, 1843, he ran to Jerusalem, and thence to Cairo, and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syang, he was seen to stop and rest, leaning against a palm-tree, his face covered with a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him; but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.

Pall Mall Gazette.